TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"Non-Committal"

REVIEWS of books, as the much discussed Cheney report sees them, suffer from being too generally favorable, too non-committal." The investigators in their survey of 6,542 reviews found 294 unfavorable, 3,639 favorable, and 2,609 non-committal. Like all statistics, these are worthless without control and interpretation. Every author knows from his press clippings that reviewing in many mediums is only a perfunctory repetition of remarks in his preface, or from the "blurbs" on the dust cover of his book. He knows also that only copy writers for publishers' advertisements pay any attention whatsoever to reviews of a large calibre book from trivial or ill-equipped sources. And the just criticism has already been made upon another aspect of these statistics that they neglect the discarding of hundreds of worthless or mediocre books before the reviewing begins. Discarding does not always imply an unfavorable criticism. Every good reviewing medium is selective, and intelligently selective. If it is highly specialized, like *The American Historical Review*, it will naturally discard all books except the historical. If it is general in its approach, like this *Review*, and edited for the intelligent reader, not the specialist, the editor will discard many books as too technical for satisfactory treatment; others because they are text-books and should be reviewed as such and for a different audience; others because they are only reprints or new editions, which ask for mention, but not a new review. Nevertheless, the vast majority of books passed over are reviewed, so to speak, by that act. They do not seem worth damning, and cannot be praised.

So much to remove a false impression of excessive complaisance. The bitter reviewers of an earlier date had fewer books and handled more of them, which accounts for some of their truculence, although a partisan rancor, fortunately not now evident, was also a factor.

But there is another misconception arising from these bald statistics that needs scotching. Mr. Cheney and his associates have considered, as it was their right to do, the reviewer as an agent in the sale of books. Does he function as an extra salesman or does he not? But the reviewer cannot so consider himself, and for a journal of criticism to define its services in terms of sales, even of good books, would be fatal to its morale and its usefulness. That such a magazine, when properly edited, does sell good books is indisputable, but that is only one of its functions. A critical review is educative, it is judicial, it is analytical, it is a companion to the book lover, an aid to the student, it stimulates, refines, and satisfies that need for discussion which readers of books find elsewhere only in the best conversation. Briefly, it is an agent of culture and civilization, before and after it is a salesman.

And we suspect that if the patient scout who counted the 3,639 favorable, the 294 unfavorable, and the 2,609 non-committal reviews, had been less interested in the count and more in the content, he would have found at least fifty per cent of the really valuable reviews in the non-committal column. For how many books are 100% good or 100% bad? How many novel, original, controversial books can be satisfactorily reviewed without that wrestling with ideas and facts which leaves

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ILLUSTRATION, BY FREDA BONE, FOR "CAPSTAN BARS," BY CAPTAIN DAVID BONE (PORPOISE PRESS)

The Sea Ghosts of Bohemia

By CAPTAIN DAVID BONE

Sailors are the only class of men who nowadays see anything like stirring adventure: and many things which to fireside people appear strange and romantic, to them seem as commonplace as a jacket out at elbows. Yet, notwithstanding the familiarity of sailors with all sorts of curious adventure, the incidents recorded in the following pages have often served, when "spun as a yarn," not only to relieve the weariness of many a night-watch at sea, but to excite the warmest sympathies of the author's shipmates. He has been therefore led to think that his story could scarcely fail to interest those who are less familiar than the sailor with a life of adventure.

—*Herman Melville's Preface in "Typee."*

TODAY, with books of travel and adventure listed by every publisher, one would hesitate to approve that extract from a Preface of 1846. I wonder if the "fireside people" —as Melville so naïvely describes them— do still exist, or are they also engaged in a recount of casual adventure or in preparation of the "human document" so much in vogue? Adventurous spirits have now no need to suffer hardships in quest of copy for a tale of stirring events: the tourist agencies have most of the world's thrills covenanted in the purchase of a ticket for a cruise abroad. Few return from such travels without the urge to put the experiences of the voyage on paper or to make them the subject of an address to the local Lions. In other years the publication of these lame, halt, and often blind narratives would only be undertaken at the expense of the author, but nowadays the publisher is himself more adventurous. If the author is prepared to allow the publisher's young men to alter and amend and, in general, to edit the work in a manner suited to the current public taste, a literary voyage may be begun. It is left to other young men on the staff to urge the often leaky craft through the surf of criticism and, provided the editor has skilfully incited controversy on some point or points, a surprisingly good landing is frequently made.

For sailors who have a tale to tell, but no skill at the writing of it, assistance is not difficult to obtain. There seems to be no dearth of "sea ghosts" eager and willing to act the part of the wedding guest, but certainly not to stand still at the recital. And although one would not care greatly to sign shipmates with such buoyant spirits as they for a winter passage round the Horn, one cannot but admit their skill in keeping a good offing and steering clear of the major shoals. How is it done? There must surely be some course in nautical assessment taught at the colleges. But I would hazard an opinion that only wide reading and a retentive memory would be needed by the classman. Given such qualities, and a flair for popular taste in "sea" stories, not Ford himself could standardize a more remarkable commodity. Of course, the sea ghost must keep a particularly good lookout, to avoid a casualty as occasionally he may allow his zeal to outrun his knowledge. In a book which I reviewed recently, the editor—being at pains to impress the reader with the navigational skill of his narrator—spoke of his "plotting a great circle" from Stavanger in Norway to the coast of England, and that in a topsail schooner! As a sample of the worst sea ghostly style, I would quote a subsequent paragraph from the same book:

> We plotted our course in a great circle from the Lizards to Funchal, and went bowling along piling up knot after knot. Far out on the wild Atlantic we had no thought of the Biscayan tides, but were surrounded by porpoises even before we came to cloudless Madeira and the pearl Teneriffe set as they were in a sea of glass.

One is curious to learn what new sailing ship is this. A sea of glass. And what is the connection between porpoises and the tides in the Bay?

Among my correspondents *G. H.* earns my undying gratitude for a pure elixir. He has no famous scheme to propound, no tangles of copartnery to submit, but thinks the Journal of his great-uncle, which he sends to me, may be of interest. Of interest? I wish I had no literary work of my own in progress that I might devote attention to the treasure that has come so unexpectedly into my hands. A small leather-covered book of pocket size; not a very bulky addition to the impedimenta of such a campaign as that de-

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A Victorian Statesman

LORD ROSEBERY. By the MARQUESS of CREWE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

LORD ROSEBERY came of those Scottish Primroses who had advanced their fortunes through three hundred years. His mother was a daughter of the historian Lord Stanhope and was descended through three generations from an aunt of Chatham. Before entering Oxford Archibald Primrose had looked in at the great world, had sat next Mrs. Disraeli, and had even talked and walked with Disraeli—he was the heir to twenty-two thousand acres. At Oxford he became part of a hunting set, went in for racing horses, and had his name in consequence taken off the books. He traveled in Italy, to which he was always to return, and spent months in the United States where he made friends for life. Being a Scotchman he really liked and got on with the Americans. During the next years he made frequent public addresses, traveled, became a Liberal spokesman in the Lords, and started that campaign for the reform of the Upper House which he never gave up until age had rendered him conservative and the issue for which he had fought almost alone had won support and become one of practical politics. His marriage to Hannah Rothschild tied him naturally to international affairs.

He was not a type likely to be overlooked by party leaders, but Gladstone found him reluctant to accept inferior offices. In '86 the plum for which Rosebery had been waiting, the Foreign Office, fell into his lap. It was before his assumption of this office that he touched, in the opinion of his biographer, the "true zenith of his political influence." He had won position as a Liberal spokesman in the country, he was in communication with all the leaders of Liberalism, he was in favor with the Gladstone family, and he occupied a middle ground between Whigs and Radicals. It should be added that he was much under the influence of

This Week

"MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMAT."
Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS.

"KING LEGION."
Reviewed by JOHN S. MARTIN.

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER EARTH."
Reviewed by ALAN BATEMAN.

"FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"THE OTHER ONE."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

NATION-WIDE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION."
Reviewed by HARRY F. COSTELLO.

"CHILD AND UNIVERSE."
Reviewed by JOHN H. BRADLEY, JR.

"THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS."
Reviewed by A. B. CRAWFORD.

Next Week, or Later

CLARENCE DARROW'S "STORY OF MY LIFE."
Reviewed by LINCOLN STEFFENS.

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Gladstone, towards whom he showed a deference almost courtier-like, only exceeded by that to the Queen.

For foreign affairs he was fitted in a peculiar way. An intimate of Herbert Bismarck, he was on good terms with his father and friendly to the new Germany; he was acquainted with France and Italy as well, he knew the map of the world and the British spots upon it, and he believed in the continuity of British policy. Gladstone's government soon fell, but when in '92 Gladstone again kissed hands Rosebery was drawn back, against his will, into the Foreign Office. When Gladstone retired for the last time in '94 Rosebery was given his place. It was coming to Harcourt by service, but the other leaders of the party were afraid to follow that irascible warhorse, and the Queen wished the young Scottish nobleman. Harcourt accepted the leadership of the Commons and the new Prime Minister had to depend in the Commons upon a man whom he had supplanted and who had very different views. The new leader dropped Home Rule and dropped it so casually as to confuse his supporters. Nor was he pleased with the budget in which Harcourt put new and, for that time, heavy taxes upon property. But it was Rosebery's vigorous foreign policy and his insistence upon a strong navy to support it that most irked Harcourt and other Little Englanders in the Cabinet.

Rosebery's government fell in '95 and he quitted office for the last time at the age of forty-eight. For more than a year he remained leader of his party, but when the retired Gladstone pressed for action in the Near East, Rosebery, who believed in no interference without the concert of Europe, resigned his leadership. It was unnecessary; it was his great blunder; he was too sensitive to criticism and especially to criticism from his former leader. He continued to speak as a Liberal and he was often importuned to resume the headship of the party. He played with the idea but could not bring himself to take a chance. There was no Montrose blood in his blue blood. In 1904 when it was evident that the Liberal Party was soon to be in power again, he wrote a memorandum, for himself, as I infer, on the suggestion of the *Times* and of Lloyd George, that he should force himself on the party and on the country. His conclusion was that he had neither the confidence of the Crown, of the Commons, nor of the public at large. "The next Liberal Government should represent the official and dominant forces of Liberalism." He was right. Rosebery stood for Liberal Imperialism and had marshalled with him Asquith, Haldane, and Grey, but he was unaware of those social-democratic forces in Liberalism which could no longer be stemmed and which were in the years 1906-12 to upset the political apple-cart. How little Rosebery read the weather is evident from a remark in his diary in '96, that "the best chance for the Liberal Party lies much more in reaction from the present Government than in any gospel of its own."

The man who could say that was no more a Liberal than a Conservative; he belonged really to Lord Rosebery's party; no other clothes fitted him. Gladstone after some experience of the young Rosebery had remarked that there was a "vein of foreign matter that runs straight across a clear and vigorous intellect and a high-toned character." Rosebery's youthful leanings towards democracy that had worried his duchess mother, were partly ancestral convictions, partly the Scotch of it, and partly admiration for his chief, but those convictions had faded with new situations, and the impetuosity of the elderly Gladstone had dimmed his hero worship. His flexible if not profound mind saw too many sides of truth long to cherish ancestral or burning convictions. He was becoming a great noble of the eighteenth century.

He continued to address the public and two or three times a year he said what proved him a wise man, if hardly a seer. The country would listen and for a fortnight discuss his words. He had a gift for putting in terse fashion what was beginning to be in the minds of the public.

In foreign affairs Rosebery was easily a conservative, but of the Salisbury rather than of the Disraeli school. He wished to maintain the Empire, but not to increase it. He had none of Palmerston's desire to see Britain the knight errant of the world, rushing to the aid of the oppressed; he was averse to those small expeditions which Disraeli had carried on. It was "like firing all your stock of gunpowder at butterflies when you were expecting big game." He was opposed to the "blue-water" or "Little England" school. Germany and France were creating colonial empires and making combinations so great that Britain with interests everywhere could do no else than attempt a concert of Europe. Like Salisbury, Rosebery looked on foreign policy as a kind of chess game in which he wished to study all the possibilities for ten moves ahead before he put a finger down. Rosebery held to the old tradition of friendship with Prussia and watched France's cynical policy with growing distrust. The Entente Cordiale was a blow to him. "In my judgment this unhappy agreement is much more likely to promote than to prevent unfriendliness in the not distant future." Foreign affairs drew much of their importance for him from their relation to the British Empire. More than Disraeli, more than Joseph Chamberlain, he was the true imperialist. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Egypt were old camping grounds to him, where he had talked to leaders and knew the problems. Closer relations with the colonies he called the dominant passion of his life.

Yet this man with much knowledge and many good ideas has been called a failure. He noted the comment and did not seem inclined to disagree. By onlookers at the political game he has been written down unsuccessful because, having attained easily to the seat of Chatham and Peel, he made little effort to keep it or to regain it. His real failure was that he left little mark on his time. He was not foreign minister long enough to have the advantage of a continuous fixed policy attached to his name, nor Prime Minister long enough to have certain reforms put down to his good books. Had he been long Prime Minister it is doubtful if such a vague half-believer of his casual creeds in domestic policy would have accomplished much. He seemed to want earnestness and conviction in a time when they were at a premium, and he is now written down a failure when the need is for those who have sharp swords and can use them.

That he erred from want of earnestness his biographer, who is extraordinarily dispassionate about his father-in-law, will not admit. "He erred from time to time in being too much in earnest about many things. Rosebery's story tells how he never undertook any enterprise with a light heart, how his conscience perpetually troubled his search for the path of duty. He was indeed something of a political Hamlet—'thiking too precisely on the event.'" Lord Crewe continues:

> Mr. Timothy Healy . . . once declared that Lord Rosebery was not a man to go tiger-hunting with. If he thought that timidity was the reason, he was altogether wrong. But there are people who do not go tiger-hunting, not because they dread the tiger but because they are afraid of looking foolish if they come back without the skin.

Here Lord Crewe hits the nail squarely. He continues:

> Rosebery himself in his last days wrote on a half sheet of paper that from the first his main fault had been Pride. . . . It might have been safer to fix on self-consciousness as his bane. He found it hardly possible to get outside his own personality, to look at himself as one of the outside crowd; or to look at contemporary movements without wondering whether he ought to take part in them.

Lord Crewe has written an account of his father-in-law with that discretion characteristic of his kind. No touch of the new biography is evident in these restrained pages. He has given us documents, a considerable number, from Rosebery's letters and diaries that fill out, if they do not change, our picture of the character and thoughts of the man. He has given us so small a part of the unpublished material that historians may well hope that when the sons of the men who played a part are where they can no longer take offence, the world may know more of Rosebery's attitude towards his contemporaries. The book is so good a one, so just and discriminating, it is so pleasantly crowded with the flowers of a cultivated life, it is written by so cultivated and wise an author, that one must not complain of it. Yet it seems to a reviewer not easily bored by English political memoirs, a slightly dull book. Is that because the brilliant paragraphs of Lord Rosebery's life when added together make up at length a dull chapter?

FROM A CONTEMPORARY CARTOON IN *Punch* OF LORD ROSEBERY.

Wallace Notestein, who is Sterling Professor of English History at Yale University, was in 1929 a member of the British committee appointed by the Prime Minister of the House of Commons records. He is the editor of "Source of Problems in English History," "Commons Debates," and a number of other historical works.

He Who Was Caught

MEMOIRS OF A DIPLOMAT. By CONSTANTIN DUMBA. Translated from the German by JAN F. D. MORROW. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS

"I HAVE told the truth, I have lied," wrote the envoy of Henry the Eighth at the court of Emperor Charles the Fifth to his home office, "I have promised all I mean to keep and more—and now, Master Secretary, I am weary—*cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*" He was an exceedingly keen-witted, circumspect, dependably loyal servant of his sovereign, he summed up in the foregoing the whole duty of Man (if the man happens to be a diplomat on foreign mission), and the concluding sentiment cannot have been an alien one Anno Domini 1916 to that fine old fellow, Dr. Constantin Dumba, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States during part of the World War and before the outbreak of the late unpleasantness—the one that killed his aged master, dissolved the dual monarchy, and added to the American garland of martial triumphs the most expensive, most troublesome laurels ever earned by any nation in arms.

Dr. Dumba was at one time an exceedingly unpopular character in the United States. But that was a long, long time ago, when Francis Joseph was still alive, when Wilson was too proud to fight, and Roosevelt was busy syndicating his anger, long before Uncle Sam had turned into Uncle Shylock, and a good many months before his nephews arrived *en masse* on French soil, there to charge the enemy and to be overcharged for sup and bite. What made Dr. Dumba an intensely unpopular character was the one diplomatic crime for which there is—at the time of its discovery at least—no forgiveness: he permitted himself to get caught in a forbidden effort to foment disturbances, in the interest of his government, on American soil, and had to go home in disgrace.

The longest, most eventful fifteen years in the life of the present generation have since passed, like Hans Breitman's party, *in die Ewigkeit*, most Americans have ceased long ago to be absolutely sure, under government, press and pulpit auspices, of Allied light and Teutonic darkness—altogether, the moment for a vindication of an Austrian ex-envoy is an auspicious one, when American taxpayers are bluntly told by their erstwhile Allies, that in the defrayment of war costs they—*videlicet*, the aforesaid taxpayers—are it, and that, anyway, political debts are no real debts, anyhow. By parity of reasoning, American newspaper readers, after ruefully scanning the latest French pronouncements on those debts, are in a frame of mind suggesting the possibility that diplomatic indiscretions in wartime are no real crimes, at any rate—and in that psychological moment, favored by every breeze of circumstance blowing across two continents, Dr. Dumba comes forward to tell to the American public the story of his life and diplomatic adventures.

From a certain point of view, a cogent argument can be made out against diplomatic ethics as such and against the continuance of diplomacy as a profession. I for one am certain that social reconstruction will do away with it and that, in a reconstructed society, diplomacy as a profession will be as unknown a pursuit as professional pornography. To judge Dr. Dumba and his performances by the standards of such a society would be barren folly and rank injustice alike. Given the premises of diplomatic activities as they have been carried on from time immemorial, Dr. Dumba has every right to carry his head as erect as the best-reputed of his quondam colleagues and tell his story, as he has done in this readable and attractive volume, without regrets and without shame. He came to America to carry on, like his French, British, Italian, and Russian colleagues, as much of a latent warfare on neutral soil as he could and dared. Carrying on against an openly hostile public opinion and a secretly hostile administration, he could do little and dared more than he could do. In his case, part of the outlawed business secretly carried on in practically all the important embassies on the face of the globe was uncovered at a critical moment before a hotly censorious public—and as a consequence, he had to pack and go. American hostility against his government disappeared with that government itself and with the boundaries of its sway, and Dr. Dumba may plead now before an American public almost as remote as posterity from the furies and rages of 1916. He does so in this volume with perfect urbanity, retrospective candor, and sound selectiveness in the choice and treatment of illuminating incident. His publishers have done their utmost to render the book attractive in typography, illustrations, and binding.

To a Poet

By POLLY CHASE BOYDEN

YOU are the red deer shaking the scent from his hooves,
In water ringed with ice a flying ankle planted.
You are the sweat of the pack, the steam from lathered dogs.
You are the hunt and the hunted.
There is blood on the snow and blood on quivering haunches.
Snow falls with a gentle swish from parted hemlock branches
Where the antlered stag has gone.
Snow falls and is hushed. Far hills
Receive the quarry. The hounds give tongue,
Taking the scent, their voices matched like bells.

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Viewing with Alarm

KING LEGION. By MARCUS DUFFIELD. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN S. MARTIN

IF achieving a membership of more than one million was a milestone for the American Legion in 1930, the publication of this book might be regarded by the Legion's high moguls as of even greater significance. It is not every socio-political club—not the Elks or the Moose or even the once rampant, now dwindling, old G.A.R.—that has become the subject of a serious independent study of the sort which, called "objective," thoroughly searches, suspects, criticizes, and even scathes. The Ku Klux Klan and Rotary International were not really distinguished until the school of Mencken took them in hand. Mr. Duffield exhibits neither the temper nor the talents of a Mencken, but his viewpoint is the same—one of alarm—and his method approximates the Menckenian—scholarly documentation followed by purposeful selectivity. In his pages the Legion may be seen whole but always in awkward positions. It seems at once important and ludicrous, and more than likely a national menace.

At national conventions, orators have for several years been trying to awaken the Legion to a sense of its political importance. Hanford MacNider, sometime National Commander, onetime Assistant Secretary of War, and aspirant for a Vice Presidential nomination in 1928 is quoted to the effect that "the G.A.R. dominated the United States for years after the Civil War although it had a membership of but 20,000. . . What an opportunity for the Legion!" Not quoted is a similar thought expressed by Major General Harbord last spring not long after the Legion had conclusively demonstrated its power by suddenly plumping for the Bonus Loan, which Congress then obediently passed. Said General Harbord:

> You are destined . . . to play a paramount role in American politics for more than a generation and within the next fifteen years to dominate both the State and Federal Governments, have a majority in both houses of Congress, and have one of your number in the presidential chair.

The Fascist note in such utterances is what disturbs Mr. Duffield. Probably it is what caused him to write his book and perhaps it makes his book important. The Fascist note of the Legion becomes more interesting when the Legion's origins and charter are considered. Every good Legionnaire knows that Colonel Roosevelt, Jr., was the Legion's real 100% American young father. But not every one knows, not even diligent Mr. Duffield, how active a part the Army General Staff played in planning, fostering, and guiding the formation of a patriotic organization to control the post-bellum emotions of the American troops and working classes. General Pershing may and may not have called the first discussion meeting of officers and men in Paris; General Headquarters may and may not, after pretending to discountenance the meeting, have secretly enabled the delegates to get there. But the Paris meeting was held (with Speaker Champ Clark's son Bennett presiding), and Red-fearing American businessmen took up a collection, and a caucus was financed and held in St. Louis in 1919, which carefully wrote in Article Two of their constitution: "The American Legion shall be absolutely non-political. . ."

As the Legion evolved from a patriotic safety valve into a million-dollar corporation, with salaried officers, several subsidiaries (publishing, radio, cinema, jewelry), and imposing headquarters at Indianapolis, there took place what Mr. Duffield calls "a curious artificial erosion" of the definition of "political." This process is described in profuse and ironic detail, up to the point where the Legion's "National Legislative Committee" (Washington lobby) is able to speak proudly of the Legion as a "super-tank" and to reiterate as a slogan: "The Legion always takes its objectives."

Expressing a reasonable doubt that the average citizen, or even that average Legionnaire, knows much about the Legion's objectives, past and present, Mr. Duffield goes over them carefully—the Veterans Bureau, the Bonus, the Bonus Loan, the National Defense Act, a bigger Army and Navy, a Universal Draft plan, and ultimately (Mr. Duffield feels sure) pensions for all World Warriors and their dependents. Besides these, the Legion's patriotic activities in schools, churches, and other public places are chronicled, with plentiful emphasis, in such minor babbittries as the 1920 Convention's excitement over "8,000 German-speaking conscientious objectors calling themselves Mennonites" who wanted to immigrate from Canada, but with several more thought-provoking instances, such as National Commander Spofford's resolute fight on Sherwood Eddy, "our well-known internationalist . . . not the sort of man that can do any good." It is depressing to find Mr. Duffield, who obviously regards the Legion's patrioteering as an unpleasant form of mental vegetation, holding up against it such chronic and professional libertarians as Roger Baldwin and Heywood Broun. But the lay reader is indebted for one magnificently frank quotation from the *Army & Navy Register:*

> You must admit that the R. O. T. C. must keep pushing hard to keep the naturally pacific mind of America from becoming pacifist. . . .
>
> Young men of this country are naturally conservative and conventional, not radical, in their opinions. The "Red" danger in the colleges is a lot of noise, and very little more. If we had compulsory military training and a conscription system, we could park our spurs on our desks and let citizens go hang. . . . But with a voluntary training system, we need the limelight. Our staid and unattractive work needs to be brought to popular attention, and, indeed, the best way to bring anything to the attention of the public is to start a fight about it. . . .
>
> Keep your eyes open on this subject of "Reds" in the colleges; but do not open them wide with fear, open them rather with a mind to promptly seizing the opportunities for publicity and counter measures, which the "Red" criticism may afford.

A well-trained reporter, Mr. Duffield tries to refrain from prophecy in his brief conclusion. Having explained how the country's bill for past and future wars has risen, with the Legion's not quite unselfish assistance, to some $900,000,000 per year, and how by 1945 it may well reach three billions a year, he feels justified in recalling that in South America they have had revolutions when the military became unreasonably expensive.

> If the soldier bloc contines to superimpose a tremendous financial load, it will be hastening the time when the problem of taxation will become acute in this country. . . . Since the vision of indefinite automatic prosperity has faded, the whole structure of capitalism and nationalism has been called into question.

Judged on past performance, he thinks the Legion will answer the question by trying to suppress all forces for change. "If . . . such a policy will hinder calm evolution, the Legion may be helping to bring about the very turbulence which it is trying to prevent."

Underneath the economic question lies the problem of war, and here again the voice of gallant General Harbord is heard:

> There is still something in war which in the last analysis man values above social comforts, above ease and even above religion. It is the mysterious power that war gives to life, of rising above mere life.

To which Mr. Duffield replies that if our heroes are to become more heroic in their own eyes as their deeds recede into the past, and if they make war seem a blessing to the land, then our sons are doomed.

> Under the auspices of the Legion, patriotism is growing to be a fearful and wonderful thing. Once it was a natural feeling, spontaneous in all of us—simple love of homeland. Now it has to be promoted, drilled into us as is a taste for spinach.

John S. Martin is Managing Editor of Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine, *and has done much of the writing on national politics for that publication.*

FROM AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CASSEL IN THE *American Legion Monthly.*

"Non-Committal"

(*Continued from page* 469)

the books criticized in neither the very good nor the very bad department? Pioneer books in every field are notoriously imperfect books, whose merits cry for recognition and whose defects demand notice. Controversial books are usually best reviewed by a critic not already committed to one extreme of the controversy and hence sure to say both "yes" and "no" to the book he reviews, recognizing its importance perhaps, but warning against its faults. And in fiction, that very important range of novels where either a new author is beginning to emerge from his disabilities, or where a practised writer continues to show strength within inescapable limitations, must always be reviewed, when intelligently reviewed, in a manner which the publisher in search of ardent "ayes" and the investigator listing vehement "nays," must often regard as non-committal.

For the really non-committal review we have little use. Reviews that are hazy because the critics could not make up their minds, or inconclusive because the reviewers were afraid to draw conclusions, or neutral and indecisive because the writers failed (and this often happens) to make their ideas articulate—are simply bad reviewing, bad because of defective scholarship, deficient insight, feeble rhetoric, or a weak character. Every editor publishes such reviews occasionally in default of better,—and seeks next time a stronger critic. But that properly controlled statistics would show the Cheney percentage of reviews of this kind, is an absurd supposition. The "non-committal" of the report must often be translated as "really critical." Criticism is no game of Twenty Questions where the answers have to be "yes" or "no." It is an attempt to describe, to define, to estimate, and to judge which requires answers much more intricate and much less dogmatic than a mere negative or affirmative.

History of the Earth

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MOTHER EARTH. By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by ALAN BATEMAN

IN this book the author traces his idea of the history of the earth from its very beginnings. It is a biographical narrative written in a flowing, lucid style, unencumbered by technical phraseology, and is meant to appeal to the general reader rather than to the scientist. We wish that more scientific books could be so interestingly written. It reads like a fairy tale, and it is one. The author shows how the continents, originally grouped around the South Pole, slowly floated northward as two huge cakes. The first cake to break off consisted of what is now North America, Europe, and Asia. In its northward journey through the ocean wastes at a rate of only a few feet a century, it sailed from rigorous Antarctic ice fields to sunny equatorial regions where earlier glaciation disappeared and luxuriant vegetation flourished to form coal fields that are now in Spitzbergen. And the journey continued until this huge land mass, as a single unit, enveloped the north polar region. Here refrigeration again took place, and the mighty ice sheet of the Glacial Period overspread the land.

Africa and India, likewise floating northward, collided with Asia to form the great earth wrinkles that gave rise to the Alpine-Himalayan chain of mountains. The propelling force is supplied according to the "geoid-balance" hypothesis, a pet theory which the author is promoting.

The reader is floated through the geologic ages, which, according to the author, have a span of 2,850,000,000 years, and is given glimpses of the starting of unicellular life, its development through the ages of fishes, dinosaurs, birds, and mammals. The reader is told exactly how and why these forms started and became extinct. In a fascinating way he is told about the evolution of many strange creatures and of man. Scores of artistic sketches make clear a picture that is but lightly skimmed by the pen. The reader is rushed breathlessly across floating continents with fighting dinosaurs, frozen mastodons, grinding ice sheets, and cave men.

If the book were written as a fairy tale it would be charming. But who would wish to make a fairy tale out of the biography of Mother Earth? Obviously the author did not intend it so any more than did Huxley in his beautifully written story of a piece of chalk. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Williams has intermixed much truth with fiction. It is evident that he has read widely of books on geology and has transcribed the findings of master geologists in fascinating language that they themselves could not achieve. But it is equally evident that Mr. Williams's reading has not been discriminating, that he has failed to distinguish fact from hypothesis, and that he is not at home in this field of knowledge and thought. He presents what might be called flights of imagination as working hypotheses, and sets up delightful imaginative theories that not only are unsupported by geologic evidence but are contrary to the best scientific data available. It is easy to state without supporting evidence, that the known geologic periods have a span of 2,850 million years, and that the Paleozoic era alone has 875 million years, the Mesozoic 450 million, the Tertiary 300 million, and the Quaternary 50 million, a total of 1,375 million years; and to date the Quaternary "(*Anno Vitæ* 3,150,000,001-

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3,200,000,000)." But this is simply a fairy tale that conflicts with cold facts of scientific data which apparently are unfamiliar to the author. This subject has long been studied by geologists, and the rather precise determination of the age of rocks, based on the known rate of disintegration of radioactive substances such as uranium into radium and lead, shows that the oldest rocks tested have an age of 1,850 million years and that all the geologic eras back to the beginning of the Palezoic fall within a span of 500 million years.

Also, the flights of the continents from the South to the North Poles must be taken as flights of imagination. There are no data to substantiate them. Hypotheses, however faulty, must rest on some factual data, and such are lacking. Mr. Williams has evidently swallowed, hook, line, and sinker, the Wegener hypothesis of continental drift, according to which, for example, South America is considered to have drifted westward from Africa. However, the Wegener theory is purely a hypothesis, believed by a few and disputed by many. Regardless of whether it has the flavor of truth or untruth, it is far from being an established fact. Even Wegener would turn in his icy Greenland grave were he to hear Mr. Williams's unwarranted extension of his original idea.

Even more fantastic is the author's description (based on Wegener's hypothesis) of the northern continents during the Glacial Period. Greenland lay athwart the North Pole, Labrador and Scandinavia touching it at opposite sides, both of these countries being then within the 80th parallel of latitude. North America pivoted westward with the pivotal point in northwest Canada; Europe pivoted eastward to fuse with Asia. Labrador, according to Mr. Williams, swung down from the 80th parallel of latitude to the 55th parallel; northern Florida from lat. 50 long. 60 W, to lat. 35, long. 75 W. What a swing, and all within the Glacial Period! A delightfully simple explanation of the Glacial Period, if true!

However, even simpler explanations that have some supporting evidence exist.

How is the poor general reader, unversed in the intricacies of modern geology, to differentiate hypotheses reared in imagination from those based on factual data? The author of this book has not helped him, unless his treatise be considered simply as a fairy tale. It were better if it had not been written. As Professor Dodge has stated, "facts without hypotheses are dead and hypotheses without facts might as well be."

Alan Bateman is professor of economic geology in Yale University, consulting geologist to the Kennecott Copper Corporation, and Editor-in-Chief of the Journal of Economic Geology.

The Sea Ghosts

(*Continued from page* 469)

scribed within it. It is written in fine script, in what used to be called Italian-hand, the ink reddened and faded to the hue of rust in the years since 1805. The ambition of the writer fully to record his experiences is indicated by the noble roll that adorns the initial page.

JOURNAL FROM COVE OF CORK TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE and from thence to BUENOS AYRES. July 31, 1805, Embarked on board the *Indefatigable* transport, Captain Womford, the 71st. Regiment.
Sir David Baird, K.G., Commander-in-Chief,
with the following Ships of War, viz. *Diadem, Diomede, Encounter, Belliguex, Narcissus,* and *Leda.* Sailed in company, the Honourable East India Company's fleet.

One can fully understand the pride that was in the diarist as he penned, with emphatic down-stroke and conscious paraph, the title page of his book. Around him, in the Cove o' Cork, would lie at anchor the fleet and convoy, perhaps forty sail in all. In the stir of it, there would be a sense of great adventure impending, and certainly there would be "sealed orders," for "to the Cape of Good Hope and from thence to Buenos Ayres" has obviously been inscribed at some later date. The new broom in his hand (he was adjutant of the battalion) would be irking to clear the decks and set all fair for the routine of the voyage. Small matters, that would later be disregarded, are considered important enough for entry while the convoy is assembling and the troops embark.

> Item. Came on board Generall orders respecting fresh meat and vegetables, and no leave to be given for either men or women to go on shore without expreſs permiſsion—and none whatever to remain on shore after sun set. . . . The signals relating to the troops changed. Copies of the new Codes sent on board the severall transports. . . . The Paymaster directed by Colonel Pack to place under charge of Officers commanding transports, the remainder of the subsistence to Jany, 1806. . . . The Commodore made signal for all persons to repair on board their severall ships. . . . August 31st. This day, the fleet sailed from Cove Harbour with a fine breeze: most of the men and women sick.

There is much novel matter in the Journal. Writing as a Briton, with some claim to the knowledge of national adventures, I cannot recall any book or papers dealing with the repulse and capitulation of the British Expedition at Buenos Ayres in 1806. Doubtless there are the official records filed at the War Office in Whitehall, but I am sure they lack the spirit and color that is so much in evidence throughout these time-stained pages. War was conducted with punctilio in these days, was strictly professional, and ruled by a cold courtesy. When General Santiago Linears, commanding the Spanish army, found victory within his powers, he called checkmate to Major General Beresford in clear but studied periods:

> Your Excellency, The chance of war is variable. It is little more than a month since you entered this capital without opposition and a small number of troops, to attack a place of immense population, who wanted more direction than valor, to oppose people with as much energy as the defenders of the Canaries and Porto Rico. I come at the head of troops more regular, and superior to those commanded by your Excellency, to whom you must yield in point of instruction and discipline.
>
> Well knowing the estimation of life, your Excellency's valor, the love of humanity by which men are stimulated to soften the horrors of war, induces me to give your Excellency this notice that you may avoid the dangers that await you. I have given you fifteen minutes to consider the answer, when I expect you will quit this city and not plunge your troops into destruction, but surrender to a generous enemy.

I would suppose that the gallant adjutant obtained a copy of this communication and engrossed it in his Journal during his dull days as a prisoner of war.

I must again express my gratitude to *G. H.* I found the Journal of his great-uncle more potent than any restorative listed in the Pharmacopœia. His relative must have been endowed with uncommon powers of observation and an uncanny ability to make another eye see his pictures of voyaging, of camp life, and battle, as vividly as his own. In his Journal there is all the material for a fine book. I am convinced that there is, somewhere, a public that would welcome its publication. Numerically, not a very great public, but one of discernment and appreciative of a straightforward narrative devoid of artifice. I gather, from the covering note that accompanies the Journal, that *G. H.* has no empurpled dreams of fabricating a "best selling" success: I feel that he will agree with me on many points, principally that the time is not propitious for publication of a ghost book deficient in spice and sensation, unarmed with a stunt projectile to further its flight. To put the "Odyssey of a Great-Uncle" (let us call it) upon the market of today with any prospect of success, one would have to delve into the mustard pot and smear the adjutant with hectic tints that are not even faintly revealed in his neat Italian script. For admiration of the diarist, I hope his relative will seek no stirring publisher. I fear the machinations of a robust spirit, sufficiently unscrupulous to dismiss all thought of literary honesty, all reverence for the great ones, all fine feeling for art as the antithesis of artifice. I feel this matter so strongly that it has tinctured my dreams.

If I have dwelt overlong on the old journal, it is with reluctance I put it down to examine the thread of my essay. I think I have asserted that there are sea ghosts at work and that I am not at all satisfied that they are doing honest editorial work. What then is my complaint? Is it simply that the sea ghosts are incompetent, that they are not sufficiently versed in the lore of the sea, that they present distorted pictures of sea life? Not quite. On the contrary, they are all too competent in their devious way; in general, they are at pains to become intimate with their subject; never were more skilful chemists employed than in the literary laboratories, never more highly seasoned draughts than those they brew. But I would complain of false colors at the masthead, of cargoes pirated on the high seas and displayed as honest wares, in all—of the shouting in the market place that would have the seaman a panderer to jazzmania and sensationalism. And not alone the mariner who "stoppeth one of three" is suborned to testify in crooked causes, but the "traveler from an antique land," acquainted of Percy Bysshe Shelley, is coöpted to join the band and beat the clamorous drum. With some experience of the Innocents abroad and knowledge of their subsequent sensational disclosures, I am become sceptical, almost fearful, of the ghost who transmutes good metal into base, but current, coin.

Sea ghosting goes very far back. One would hesitate to quote St. Paul in this connection, but his writing is proof—if any were required—that the pen of genius need serve no apprenticeship.

> And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the more part advised to depart thence also, if by any means they might attain to Phenice, and there to winter. Which is an haven of Crete, and lieth toward the southwest and northwest. And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence, they sailed close by Crete.
>
> But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon. And when the ship was caught and would not bear up into the wind, we let her drive. . . . But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country: and sounded and found it twenty fathoms: and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms.
>
> Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.

A classical example of good seamanship and fine literature combined! Shakespeare ordered his genius to present the mariners of his day faithfully and well; indeed, many competent students aver that he himself spent his "hidden days" afloat. The patient Hakluyt exercised his power of amendment but rarely in his setting down of sailormen's and travellers' tales.

Perhaps the earliest record of a true sea ghost at work is in 1719, when Defoe published "Robinson Crusoe." Drury's "Madagascar Journal"—of contemporary date—was probably written by the same hand. Alexander Selkirk and Robert Drury lived and spun their yarn, but only the genius of a wayward clerk in letters recorded, enriched, and preserved their tales. And if I presume to enlist Daniel Defoe among the alchemists of rugged sea tales, it is surely no serious affront to Dr. Hawkesworth, His Majesty's faithful, obliged, and obedient servant in 1773, to enroll him in the same brigade. The "Journals" of Commodore Byron, Captains Wallis and Cartaret, and of Captain Cook's "First Voyage," came under his hands for publication. That "stunts" in the publishing world were not quite unknown in 1773, is to be inferred from an indignant note in Hawkesworth's Introduction to the Second Edition of his work:

> Since the publication of the first edition of this work, a quarto pamphlet has appeared, under the title of "A Letter from Mr. Dalrymple to Dr. Hawkesworth, occasioned by some groundless and illiberal Imputations in his account of the late voyages to the South Seas.

With the worthy but disputatious Doctor's reply to the "illiberal Imputations," no one is greatly concerned, but it is curious to note that when Captain Cook came to consider the publication of his "Second Voyage," he dismissed his pilot and elected to steer his own craft through the press. The last paragraph of his General Introduction shows his own colors at the masthead and nailed there with no unsteady hand:

> I shall therefore conclude this introductory discourse with desiring the reader to excuse the inaccuracies of style, which doubtless he will frequently meet with in the following narrative; and that, when such occur, he will recollect that it is the production of a man, who has not had the advantage of much school education, but who has been constantly at sea from his youth; and though he has passed through all the stations belonging to a seaman, from apprentice boy in the coal trade to a Post Captain in the Royal Navy, he has had no opportunity of cultivating letters. After this account of myself, the Public must not expect of me the elegance of a fine writer, or the plausibility of a professed book-maker; but will, I hope, consider me as a plain man, zealously exerting himself in the service of his Country, and determined to give the best account he is able of his proceedings.

It would appear that Captain Cook's declaration of independence encouraged many subsequent sailor-authors to do without the services of a "fine" writer, however elegant and plausible, in preparation of their literary ventures. Smollett and Scott, Cooper, Marryat, Dana, and Mellville, employed no assistants. Their books are still listed in the market, while one has difficulty in discovering even the name of a contemporary editor of letters.

Captain David W. Bone has written largely on seafaring life. He himself served seven years in sail, before he joined the Anchor Line of whose steamship Transylvania *he is now commander. He is the author of "The Brassbounder," "Broken Stowage," "Merchantmen-at-Arms," and "The Lookoutman," and has contributed to many journals.*

Among the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle to Joseph Neuberg which have been edited by Townsend Scudder is one which read: "All the rest I have to say must *wait* until I can *'imagine'* myself again with you on the garden-seat at Rowsley—isolated from all the noisy disturbances of the world, smoking cigaritos, and *dreaming* beautifully without having gone to sleep—"

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

AFTER THE DELUGE. By LEONARD WOOLF. *Harcourt, Brace.*

"A study of the communal psychology of democracy."

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. *Doubleday, Doran.*

The chronicle of a modern Swiss family cast ashore on the mooring mast of the Empire State building the gay good humor of which is pointed by satire.

THE EMOTIONAL DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. By STUART P. SHERMAN. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

A volume of essays by one of the most brilliant critics America has produced.

The Saturday Review
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Malade Imaginaire

FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

ROBERT was an incorrigible hypochondriac. He had taken a long leave of absence and gone to the country. There he recovered his health, but on his return he found himself to be somewhat absent-minded. The annoyance of this, not in itself very great, was aggravated by the fact that his left eyelid began to droop, and this in turn brought other and more distressing symptoms. He was conscious of loss of memory; he could not remember how he parted with his ex-mistress, who had shared part of his holiday with him. He remembered having quarreled with her —he had often threatened her with violence before—he must have murdered her. And if he murdered her, then he must have murdered his first wife too, though the doctors said she had died so suddenly because she was a young woman of delicate health and extreme sensibility. Very soon, he knew, he would be hunted down.

So runs the first stage of his persecution complex. A letter from his ex-mistress, very much alive, restored him to a sane way of thinking. But almost immediately, as a dope fiend returns to his drug or a dog to his vomit, his mind sought and found another insane preoccupation. His brother, the eminent doctor, was mad and would certainly kill him; and nothing, not even the fact that he had just acquired a charming fiancée, could prevent him from flying to the country. There he killed his brother, who had followed him with natural anxiety; and there he was found, dead by the river bank, some three days later. He had died of exhaustion and exposure.

The difficulty is to find some way of describing "Flight Into Darkness," for "novelette" is a term that covers a multitude of definitions. "A piece of writing?" . . . on those terms we could praise it with the most comfortable sincerity. "Dramatized case history?" . . . there, too, it is nothing if not masterly. But dare we call it fiction?

The question is of some interest now that Schnitzler is dead, for it is hardly probable that anyone will inherit his genius in our time or attain to such heights as he did in "Flight Into Darkness." But what heights, in heaven's name? A sense of absent-mindedness, a drooping left eyelid, loss of memory, persecution mania, madness, murder . . . *sic itur ad astra.* With every artifice of restrained narrative—and Schnitzler was a beautiful workman—Robert is scientifically diagnosed into "an echoing blue night, which for him was never to end."

It is true that the novelist exists only by virtue of knowing more about his characters than he has any right to know in real life, and that the best characters in fiction are somewhat like French clocks, between whose secrets and the world there is nothing but a thin sheet of glass. And it is true that Schnitzler knows more about Robert than the most skilful psychologist could have learned; but that will not argue his book into fiction. For the difference between Robert and a fictional character is the difference between a beetle under a microscope and a beetle on a grass stem. The former we see only in relation to himself—in surprising and often repulsive detail; the latter we see in some relation to the world around him and therefore to ourselves. Robert's world, in fact, is deliberately constructed to suit with his madness, not to oppose it.

No opposition—that is what may trouble us as fiction readers, if we have conservative tastes. Observe all the minor characters; their behavior, their exits, and their entrances. You will see that, having all the appearance of independent beings, they exist none the less for one purpose only, and that is to determine the stages of Robert's madness—either through his behavior toward them or through the quality of his perception of them: self-denying to the point of extinction, they are less characters than contributing data. Had they been really active with regard to him—(whether in sympathy or cruelty or derision)—he would have risen to some tragic stature and could have claimed us in a thousand ways. As it is, we are deprived of any emotion about him except that of curiosity; and must suppose ourselves an audience of students not an audience of fiction readers.

I know that a formidable case can be made out for Schnitzler in this instance;

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

and nobody would be so insensitive as to deny that he had an admirable gift of presentation—accurate, dramatic, penetrating. In "Flight Into Darkness" this power is admirable indeed . . . in the limited sense that we gape at it. It is also regrettable. It has been used to create, not a work of art, but a piece of clinical research disguised as art; and if it is a masterpiece of its kind—which I am fully prepared to believe—that is a question for the psychological expert to decide, not the critic of fiction.

A Van of Stories

AMERICAN CARAVAN IV: A YEAR-BOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by ALFRED KREYMBORG, LEWIS MUMFORD, and PAUL ROSENFELD. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by JEROME MELLQUIST

THIS book is a challenge. It assembles thirty-seven writers, twenty-three of them new to the "Caravan." They represent some of the outer boundaries in current American writing. These writers are young, or experimental, or unrecognized; they are seldom deeply daring in spirit, and they do not as a group thrust towards the heart of American life. But they provoke a challenge because they exemplify the principal shortcomings of much contemporary prose and verse in this country.

One of these shortcomings is the worship of the word. Vincent McHugh, Robert Cantwell, and S. Guy Endore, among others in the fourth "Caravan," are so intent on presentation that they ignore content; Robert M. Coates and Sherry Mangan juggle ironically; George Whitsett's rhetorical novel, which is the yearbook's lengthiest piece, doggedly carries word-worship to that echoing hollowness it ultimately implies. These writers need messages for their words. Let them feel the mounting terror in the near-by lives of starving men, let them prophesy against an economic order which induces such calamities. It is time to replace pretty word-tossing with fighting social criticism. If these writers devoted themselves to an American revolutionary movement their words might achieve weight and force and meaning. They might even be remembered as literature.

Repetition of accomplishment is a second shortcoming of this century's American writers; for too often, after discovering a unique personal feeling, they merely amplify this feeling, and explore no others. Some of the "Caravan's" ablest contributors exhibit this limitation: Evelyn Scott, by reëxamining the sensation of helpless pain; Joseph Vogel, by again expressing resentment for the piggishness of humanity (though more savagely than a year ago); Jonathan Leonard, because fresh flashes leap out principally near the close of his strange short story. By contrast, Philip Stevenson's frequent slips in writing seem almost excusable, since he vigorously attempts a mood his earlier "Caravan" stories did not possess. The restless digging of the poets Isidore Schneider and William Carlos Williams is even more commendable. Their work has sound and original form.

Will the "Caravan's" new members become increasingly venturous also? Often their work is already attractive: in the robustly singing prose of Albert Halper and the teasing speculation of Ben Maddow's miniature poems; in the insight of "Camera Angles on Three Lives" by Hazel Louise Hawthorne, and the perceptions of childhood in Doris Peel's short story; in the delicacy of Kenneth White's love poetry and the kindling lines of Russell Davenport's California poem. The next goal for these writers is comprehensive development of their other qualities.

A third shortcoming of current American literature is that it has insufficiently sought to transform American life. "American Caravan IV" as a volume does not envision this objective; but a cluster of its contributors plant fine arrows forward: Jonathan Leonard, through fitful illuminations; William Faulkner, by passive Hindu wisdom; Paul Rosenfeld, by the sad, swift, piercing intuitions in his short story, "The Dark Brown Room." A newcomer, Ferner Nuhn, presses considerably farther onward than his fellow explorers in the "Caravan." He asks the young American artist to till his own experience; "The picked apples and wheat will in no wise be less universal for having come from particular orchards and fields"; he urges a sturdy self-reliance. The spirit of Mr. Nuhn is invigorating, and the introduction of his work completely justifies this year's "Caravan."

Mr. Nuhn's essay not only voices a virtually untried generation. It foreshadows that lifting of American life which the Seven Arts Movement prematurely proclaimed fifteen long years ago. This reshaping is already becoming apparent. The hungry scope of John Dos Passos; the religious searching of Alvah Bessie's poetic story, "Only We Are Barren"; the broken tidal reaches of Robinson Jeffers; above all, the spiritual radiance of Glenway Wescott's spacious new novel (which has not yet been published): these works possess the two impulses most essential to a lasting American cultural renewal: they desire the perfection of environment and the creation of completer men. When these idealizing impulses can fuse successfully, the true transfiguration of a culture will become visible everywhere.

That Funny Thing Sex

THE OTHER ONE. By COLETTE. Translated from the French by VIOLA GERALD GARVIN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation). 1931. $2.

RECAPTURED. The same. 1932. $2.

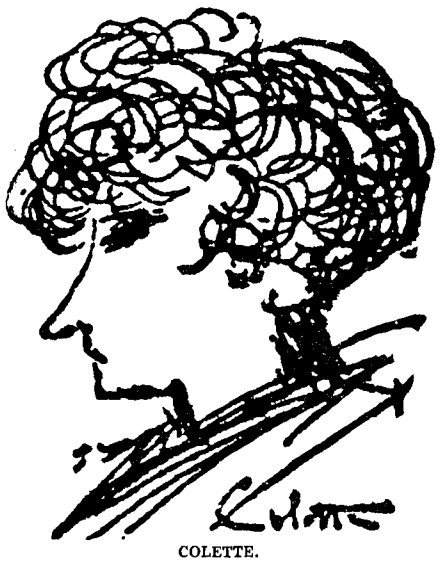
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

FRANCE gives Colette high place among modern novelists, partly perhaps for her abstention from modern tricks. Her material is the stuff of common life, and her manner simple and straightforward. "Chéri" is her most popular book, and "The Other One" comes second. She has the Gallic attitude toward sex as a game of absorbing interest not to be confounded with the real business of life. Love, *l'amour*, is presented as a chief ornament of existence, but not as its chief object. And "Colette" has a special skepticism, a feminist's dubiety about the importance of the male and his emotions, in the scheme of things. "The Other One," therefore, offers a study of a triangle divested of sentimental assumptions as to the importance of the one man and one woman relation. Conceding that monogamy, fidelity to the marriage vow, is pleasant and desirable, it holds that other things are actually of more account—friendship, for instance.

The man in the present case is Farou, Big Farou, pagan, playwright, and careless possessor of women. Just now, when the scene opens, his household is established in a lonely country, while he spends much of his time at his theatrical employments in Paris. Farou is forty-eight, his abundant hair is graying, but he is still flamboyant, full of vitality and mischief, a great boy, greedy and without shame. Fanny, his wife, still young and delicious in her lazy way, adores him, shuts her eyes to his infidelity, and keeps her central place in his life. Beside her in the rural ménage is Jane, a young woman of experience, who holds a somewhat equivocal position as secretary to the husband and companion to the wife. In secret she is Farou's mistress. The situation is complicated by young Jean's romantic passion for Jane. Jean is Fanny's stepson, Big Farou's only legitimate offspring. He loves Jane with the desperation of adolescence, and his feeling is embittered by suspicion of her relation to his father. Of this Fanny, who knows her Farou so well, is for a long time unsuspicious. She laughs indulgently with her rival over Big Farou's absurd chant, the "ritual song" with which he is wont to enter his household: "Aha, all my fine women! I have women in my house!"

For years life drifts on pleasantly and lazily enough for Fanny. Then suddenly she comes on Farou and Jane in an embrace innocent and casual enough—if it did not suggest long use and a background of embraces less casual. Fanny wakes to find herself fiercely jealous, like an ordinary wife. Farou and other women, of the theatre or the salon, can be ignored; Jane comes too close. So Fanny has it out with Jane, from the premise that the situation is unendurable and that Jane must go. The two discuss the case with frankness, with resentment, with detachment, at last with humor. And the upshot of the argument is that Farou, Big Farou the godlike, is not worth sacrificing their friendship for.

Is "Recaptured" an earlier book than "Chéri?" Colette's different publishers in English are equally vague about the chronology of her work. This is a thinner and more pungent tale than "Chéri."



COLETTE.

Again it deals with the subject on which this novelist is an acknowledged expert, but with less gaiety, less of the airy Latin acceptance of love as a delicious and inexhaustible jest, "Colette," we are told, was once a dancer, and so was the woman of the story. She has danced through youth, she has been unhappily married, she has had a lover, and given him up of her own accord. Six months before our scene opens she has been left a little money, freed to leave the stage, and, within modest limits, lives her own life. But she has found nothing to do but drift from one hotel to another, alone and motiveless, not even seeking anything. She falls into casual intimacy with three people (there are only four people of any account in "Chéri," you remember): a pair of fleshly lovers and a literary eccentric who lives on wit and opium. Renée has no special cause to like these people, but she does not know how to get away from them, till the lover Jean turns to her from his silly mistress. Then she runs away. He pursues her and they unite in an affair of passion. Love grows mysteriously between them, and in the end binds them truly, whether with or without benefit of clergy.

Such is the tale; its effect comes from its simplicity, its effortless action, and its natural dialogue, and the something indefinable that belongs to the touch of genius.

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Education of Children

CHILD AND UNIVERSE. By BERTHA STEVENS. New York: John Day. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

IT is a quaint and unhappy fact that after all these centuries of civilization man has not yet learned to do well some of the tasks that fall most generally and inevitably upon him. One of these tasks is the rearing of children. What with plenty of experimental experience and tons of literature spawned by departments of education as salmon spawn eggs, one might expect to find a modicum of generalized wisdom on the subject in current usage. One finds instead scarcely two teachers or two parents who can agree on fundamentals. Even if they do agree, the children will likely as not prove them wrong.

The appalling numbers of unhappy and unleavened adolescents that annually stream from homes and schools into college and the world at large is proof enough that many methods of educating children are bad. One need only observe the predominantly happy and creative play of a group of average young children and then compare it with the generally uninspired antics of a group of their parents to know that something terrible happens between childhood and maturity. As a college teacher this reviewer can confess to an uncomfortable number of young people whose faces haunt his dreams; faces that came to him without the mark of an enthusiasm, without even an animal's curiosity about the world, and left him, alas, with little improvement. Nature is certainly partly to blame for not allowing richer living for the majority, but there are those who believe that education, especially early education, is also to blame.

Miss Stevens is apparently one of these. Her underlying assumption is that children have a natural capacity for wondering, inventing, creating; that every normal child is something of a scientist and considerable of a poet; that this capacity may be so nurtured in the child as to survive in the adult. She believes that through imaginatively directed observations in natural history, a feeling for the order, rhythm, and beauty of the world may become part of a child's consciousness; and lead eventually to quickened perception, finer feeling, broader enthusiasm, and deeper understanding. Nature study has been barely tolerated in the schools. Miss Stevens's plan is to take this waif of the curriculum, nourish it to a poetic fulness, give it an honorable entrée to all eight grades, and complete control over the second and third grades.

"Child and Universe" is an outline for teachers of such a two-year course in nature study for children between the ages of seven and nine. Mere cataloguing of phenomena is not part of the plan. The wonder and beauty, rather than the "shows and forms," of nature, are emphasized throughout; the glad, free life of birds, for example, rather than the specific differences between birds. With the help of Japanese Hokku poetry and the observations and reflections of Whitman, Shelley, and John Burroughs; with imaginative pantomimic illustration of scientific fact, the child is led—chiefly through his own observations—to a realization of the beauty and rhythm in nature.

There are four divisions of subject matter. The first, captioned "The Earth in Space," deals with the basic facts and the poetry of the heavens. The second, called "The Inside of the Earth," treats rather of the outside: of soil, seeds, roots, earthworms and other burrowing animals, ground water, and minerals. The third, "The Earth's Surface," continues these studies through consideration of woods, woods life, rocks, mountains, and the sea. The last division, "The Earth's Atmosphere," deals with the extent of the ocean of air; with moisture, wind, fire, and winged life.

Difficulties must arise where poetry and science do not walk together. Rocks, for example, may be presented to the child as the best symbols in nature of solidity, grandeur, and permanency. But the "everlasting hills" are only poetically everlasting. Geologically, they are in constant flux with the rest of creation. To describe them in both ways, as Miss Stevens suggests, must lead to confusion. Furthermore, there are included certain scientific concepts, such as the theory of mountain building, so controversial and involved that they might better be omitted. On the whole, Miss Stevens avoids such difficulties admirably, with little falsification of the truth as seen through either the poetic or the scientific eye.

Anyone who believes that good teaching is a lost art should read this book. Its suggestions are simple yet imaginative, sound without being technical, beautiful without being sentimental. Unfortunately there can clearly not be enough teachers of Miss Stevens's spirit and resourcefulness; her plan in less able hands might not work so well. But perhaps, if tabulated in an instructor's handbook, teachers with little poetry or knowledge of nature could use it effectively. Then, too, children in second and third grades are generally pretty fully occupied with the problems of the mother tongue. Reading, writing, and Miss Stevens's plan in its fulness seem an impossible burden for a young child. The book offers no solution for such definite curricular difficulties.

Whether or not the plan can be made generally practicable, "Child and Universe" should be in the library of every progressive teacher and parent. This review has only poorly indicated its fine spiritual qualities, its rich suggestiveness. It is a truly beautiful book, beautiful in conception, beautifully written and illustrated.

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Vocational Guidance

THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS. By HOWARD L. DAVIS. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by A. B. CRAWFORD
Yale Department of Personnel Study

THE field of vocational guidance is a favorite area in which to exercise the soul-satisfying activity of giving advice to other people. Many books on vocational topics in fact seem to render their greatest service by affording the author an outlet for self-expression, endorsement of the cardinal virtues, and a parade of the unusual qualities necessary to success in the line of endeavor under discussion. Some are propagandist in nature, others are just plain stuffy, and few show an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of what our young people really want to know about the vast field of occupations which stretches uncharted before them. Many well-meaning attempts to chart and describe these areas have proved futile largely because they were written from the point of view of the author, rather than from that of the school and college students for whom they were really intended. Mr. Davis, on the other hand, knows from his extensive experience in the selection and training of student personnel, what information the young man and young woman entering business really seek. Without moral homilies, propaganda, pep-talks, or any trace of pompousness he discusses in clear and readable terms many factors vital to successful occupational adjustment.

Since this volume specifically deals with the field of business, it contains but few references to the older professions. Yet many of the suggestions made therein, and particularly the admirable opening chapters on the value of an education and the choice of an occupation, will also prove valuable to those contemplating a professional career.

Mr. Davis does not deal in generalities. When discussing self-analysis as a guide to occupational choice, for example, he lists in nineteen groups a large number of specific questions such as: "To what extent did I buy and sell and trade with other boys? What, if anything, have I built with tools? To what position in, as well as out, of school have I been chosen by my fellows? To what extent do others seek my advice? Am I happier to follow than to lead? Do I enjoy work that involves considerable detail? Have I any especially interesting avocation? Could I develop it into my vocation?" He then illustrates how appraisal of one's replies to the entire list of questions may serve as a means of vocational self-guidance. The whole approach to this important question is both theoretically sound and intelligibly practical. Subsequent chapters on procedure in securing employment, on planning for the future, on attitudes towards one's job and supervisor, on preparation for increased responsibility and the subsequent supervisory problems which it brings, on the nature and technique of leadership, contain many useful suggestions for self-development and consequent advancement.

In discussing the relative merits of employment with large and small companies the author, himself an official of the New York Telephone Company, rather emphasizes the advantages offered by a larger unit (such as well-developed personnel, compensation, and training methods and the more strategic position occupied in case of a merger). While certain events in recent years lend strength to the latter argument, others in the last analysis make it open to question. Moreover, the same highly organized personnel procedures to which large companies point with pride have been necessitated by their own size. Actually the smaller unit, properly directed, may informally attain the same ends in behalf of its workers as great industries can only accomplish through more elaborate and mechanized, but not necessarily more personally effective, procedures. Mr. Davis obviously strives to be entirely fair, but his statement that "in a large business a man may more quickly attain a position in which he will have a large measure of responsibility and authority" perhaps reflects some unconscious bias on this point.

Both as a guide to the young man at the start of his career and as a reference book to which he may profitably turn again and again, this volume is so valuable that it should have been provided with an index. Its utility would be further enhanced by suitable references to other literature. If it meets with the success it merits, a new edition will soon be called for and in that event these omissions should be corrected. As it stands, however, this is the best book yet produced on the subject, which today possesses a particularly vital interest for thousands of young people. Perhaps the reviewer's opinion of Mr. Davis's contribution can most concretely be illustrated by the fact that he has ordered a number of copies for the use of his office and hopes to have every student consulting him about the field of business read this excellent work before graduation! As Dean Kimball of Cornell states in the Foreword, it "should be of interest not only to young men already in industry and confronted with the problems of adjustment, but also to parents and others interested in vocational guidance."

Casanova Booksellers of Milwaukee have recently issued "Checklists of Twentieth Century Authors: First Series," devoted to H. E. Bates, Rhys Davies, Liam O'Flaherty, Siegfried Sassoon, William Faulkner, and Ernest Hemingway. This useful pamphlet compilation is available in an edition of five hundred copies at fifty cents a copy. The Faulkner checklist is the most detailed of the group, giving the approximate size of print orders (statistics that are always serviceable but not always obtainable) and textual errors. These latter, the compilers are quick to explain, are not attested "points" and probably never will be. The error in the contents table of "These Thirteen" (280 for 208), for example, is probably common to the whole first edition; at any rate the compilers, H. Warren Schwartz and Paul Romaine, found it in fifty copies of the regular and ten copies of the limited edition examined, which seems like a safe bulk on which to base a generalization.

Double Portrature

MY FATHER: MARK TWAIN. By CLARA CLEMENS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE ROURKE

TWO portraits of Mark Twain emerge from these informal reminiscences. The dominant one is that of the man of genius as seen by Howells and many others of his time. It was in fact the great popular portrait of the day and still exists, like a sitting for Sarony in a bold attitude. Mark Twain appears at the romantic apex of his career, when the turretted house in Hartford overflowed with hospitality and the happier rewards of fame, when his children were young, when his wife was accepted as the perfect embodiment of the charm and purity and elegance of an age. An effervescent narrative style keeps this effect throughout the book, even in those later chapters which tell of disaster. This is the Mark Twain for whom unhappiness was half a comic pose. The execration of the human race of which his daughter frequently speaks grows less and less convincing the more often it is mentioned. Mark Twain is shown as closely bound to the human race; few experiences seemed to give him more pleasure than to mix with it. He was harnessed to his fame and on the whole enjoyed the harness. The rest is humor, in familiar explosive episodes.

Another portrait might lie almost unnoticed within these pages except for Van Wyck Brooks. Whether or not one accepts the whole of Mr. Brooks's social thesis in "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," an unforgettable outline remains from that book of the neurotic writer, harassed by the memory of early family restraints, curbed by the gentility of his wife, giving way to ecstasies of self-reproach because of a profound inner maladjustment, and with some of his deeper gifts fined away. Scanning "My Father: Mark Twain," almost any reader of Mr. Brooks will find reinforcement for this interpretation, unconsciously rendered. There is an unhappy reference backward by Mark Twain to his own family and to his sense of distance from them.

There are new letters written to his wife before their marriage, showing an hysterical worship of her and a corresponding self-abasement. The note of morbid self-reproach is repeated, and there are conspicuous blank spaces. Only a brief mention of Mark Twain's love of Negro spirituals suggests the rough and chaotic groundwork of his youth. The wellspring of his humor in the Southwest has receded so far that it might never have existed. The California years are forgotten. Obviously the earlier record was not part of the family saga, whether by his choice or that of his wife and daughters. Something basic had been wrenched away. An episode suggests the blind and warring conflict to which Mr. Brooks believes that Mark Twain was subject. While Clara Clemens was ill her sister was injured. He took every care to prevent her learning of the accident at all, particularly in the exaggerated form in which the newspapers told of it. Then he himself broke the news in just that form, holding up the headlines before her without a word. This, of course, was not brutality but pure hysteria.

Nothing so difficult as a reconciliation of the two portraits is attempted by the author of these recollections. Enthusiasts will be grateful for the few new stories, students of character for the fragments of unknown detail. There is a genuine kinship with Mark Twain in the way in which the stories are told, particularly in the earlier portion of the book. But on the whole "My Father: Mark Twain" is an echo, particularly of the Paine biography; quotations from Paine are indeed included at considerable length. The oddity is that of the double portraiture, with the Mark Twain of Mr. Brooks looming like a ghost photograph behind the established figure.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Nation Wide

V. AMBERGRIS 2-5922

INFATUATED country-dwellers make fun of apartment-houses. Why, an apartment is one of men's few victories. Victory over fear, loneliness, tempest, drudgery. Warm, secure and snug, hear the whisper of the steam-pipes! Far below, somewhere in the foundations of the great building, a red fire is blazing. Cunning meshwork of wires, tubes, conduits and dumb waiters, stands between you and the terror of the world. Pause a moment and think about Terror. An apartment house is built like a battleship against that unseen enemy. Oh subtle intruder that can even slip by a doorman with braided coat and white neck-cloth. Did you think *you* were the only one whose address was known to that universal spectre? Even Richard Roe was not too humble for that visitor to call. But mostly those big dwellings seem solid as a squadron of ironclads in line of battle. Even their names are proud, and the doormen ornate as admirals.

Richard Roe loved rainy nights. In weather too wild for Peke he walked on pavements as on the deck of a strong vessel. The hiss of taxies on slick asphalt was like the sea against a hull. In gusts of wind and wet he could almost feel the whole block slant underfoot, lean like a stubborn ship, tough against the gale. From the corner of the street he could see the lights of his own apartment. If Lucille's windows went dark he hurried back to say goodnight. He could not sleep unless he felt she had gone to bed cheerful. Often he woke her several times to ask anxiously if she was all right.

The apartment showed few visible signs of Richard's memory, so Hubbard told us: yet that compact space must still hold some reality of life therein contained.

When the elevator reached 8, and the colored boy said watch your step, you turned left. It was a few steps along the corridor; the heavy door was painted mahogany color, with brass insignia, 8A. Richard liked that A: it was like first-class rating at Lloyd's. There had been a slit for mail, but they had it blocked up; Lucille believed it caused a draft along the floor which goosed her shins and made Peke sneeze. The door also was naval, sheathed in metal like a bulkhead. It closed with discreet decision. "Pop used to say the craziest things," Gladys told Mr. Hubbard. "Close the bulkheads, the ship of life is foundering." When we asked him to oil the hinges, so's the door would open easier, he said he did it to make it close easier. As if it wasn't both the same. "I guess it all depends which side of the door you are," said Hubbard. "Well that was Pop all over; always trying to get some double meaning out of obvious things."

You were met at the door by yourself coming out: your reflection in a mirror on the opposite side of the little lobby. It was rather startling the first time. On the right was the cupboard for coats and hats, Peke's mud-specked waistcoat, the leash, and the silver-handled cane which Richard Roe would have felt an indecency in carrying except on Sundays.

On the left of the front door was a small catch-all table, sacred to whatever novelty was fashionable at the time along Central Park West. At the epoch of Hubbard's first visit it was a red swan with some sort of cactus growing out of a nest of colored pebbles between its raised wings. Mr. Roe had been with difficulty cured of depositing cigar ashes among the pebbles. Just beyond the table, still further to the left, was the door into the kitchen. This was well thought out: an active Swede could carry on, in one straight line, from kitchen to front door. It is making sharp turns that wears down Swedish feet towards evening.

The prime ingenuity of apartment architecture lies in arranging vistas that suggest an illusion of space. A little jog in the front lobby assured the privacy of the entry and allowed the visitor a chance to examine himself in the mirror before being received. Then, turning left to the swan table, a short passage opened, leading toward the living room. Approaching this, a small alcove on the left harbored the telephone and its chair; on the right another passage offered a new perspective, somewhat more intimate, for if the bathroom door was open you could see in the distance a pink washcloth and Lucille's shelf of bath-salts. This bathroom lay between Lucille's chamber and Richard's and was used by them both. Gladys used the other bathroom. It was necessary: no one but an only child could have enjoyed such leisure in ablution. Gladys's bath, with a series of linen closets, formed a kind of central pivot round which the rest of the apartment was arranged. Perhaps there was symbolism in this. Peke's bathing was done in a washtub in the kitchen, but he had his own bath salts.

Averting your eyes from Lucille's battery of utensils another turn to the right led to Richard's room. It was at the back and looked into a central crypt visited briefly by diagonals of sunlight. In that crepuscular shaft sudden spasms of alarm clocks trilled in early morning, the larks of Manhattan; and the heavy carillon of ash cans. When the wind blew strongly from westward it boomed and volleyed over that hollow space. Slack ends of radio wires flapped in the breeze, picking up the mysterious merriment surcharged on ether. Here Richard sometimes lay awake before rising. By unconscious habit he began every day with a few moments of pure passiveness, his mind pleasantly blank. It is a great gift, to let the mind trail at large, like radio antennæ, picking up whatever chance wavelengths may be moving. He lay on his back with his right elbow crooked protectively over his forehead. The skin inside the elbow is cool and soft, comforting to the brow. It is the forehead that seems to carry the full impact of existence.

But we were at the door of the living room. On the right was a capacious couch. Between the two front windows was a table with flowers. The biggest chair was near the right-hand window; between it and the couch were a tall reading lamp and the scarlet untippable smoking-stand. There is always one chair that has special meaning, and as you sit in it you try to divine what it meant to Richard. It had a curious oscillating seat that apparently moved on a differential; disconcerting at first but very comfortable when it settled in equilibrium. Lucille said that it had, in long practice, accommodated itself so to Richard's sedentary parts that it was not hospitable to anyone else. It was turned so as to look diagonally through the wide opening into the dining room—on the left of the living room as you enter. Its view ended in the far corner of the dining room, on what looked like a Jacobean desk, with pigeon holes and a quill pen resting in a vase of small shot. This was misleading; it was the radio.

Peke's basket, trimmed with a pink satin bow for masculinity, was in the inward corner of the living room, in front of the electric hearth. A pulsating glow among glass nuggets was as pretty as the boreal aurora and equally cold. But it appealed to Peke and soothed his midget irritability. It cast a pleasant light upon the pink ribbon and perhaps consoled the futility of his useless maleness. That was his corner, and few of this world's harassed inhabitants have such undisputed tenure.

Off the dining room was a small rectangle known in the plans as a panelled breakfast room. It was never used for breakfast because it involved a sharp right-hand turn for the labor-saving Swede. Richard had established there what he regarded tentatively as a den. There was a rolltop desk, an old favorite of his, where he kept some papers; an etching of a Scottish terrier; a model of a sailing ship in a flask. This had been considered a genuine Nantucket antiquity until, in a moment of gloom, the bottle was discovered marked on the bottom with the name of a ginger-ale brewer in the Bronx. There was a framed autographed letter from a former governor to whom, on his inauguration, Richard had presented a desk-set. "My dear Mr. Roe," the statesman dictated, "I am very greatly obligated by your generous present, which I am bound to think of as a gift to the people of the State of New York. It is a great satisfaction to the executive office. When I see the name ROE on any stationery novelties I always know these are well-made goods and a credit to our Empire State. With best compliments, faithfully yours."

In this small room Richard held his occasional card parties. A door opened direct into the pantry, which was convenient. In the pantry was the electric ice-box which he always visited before retiring. It was probably a bad habit to drink a whole bottle of ice-cold milk, as he frequently did, taking down a tall glassfull in two gulps. Lucille had often told him that milk taken like that turned into solid blocks in his stomach, and after drinking he sometimes worried about this, feeling a chill solemnity invade the intestine. Yet it would be just like life, he reflected, if some of the things we are always told are dangerous should really turn out to be very beneficial.

The convenience of the ice-box was marred by one circumstance. It was backed up against a thin partition on the other side of which was the telephone alcove. If the ice-box decided to begin freezing at the same time that anyone was phoning, it was difficult to hear. And, perhaps by some electro-magnetic contagion, the refrigerator usually did so: a soft purring murmur, the song of the perfect cubes then crooned obbligato on the telephone wire. Richard had often promised to do something about this, but never did.

So they were in direct line: ice-box, telephone, bathroom, the three points which determine the home circle. But to determine a circle, geometry reminds us, three points must not be in line. At any rate that little passage, from telephone to pink washcloth, had been the scene of at least one important engagement. It was due, I think, to the mental stimulus afforded by a hot bath. That, and Lucille's natural quickness of ear, which was extraordinary. She had once worked in a theatre box-office, and perhaps hours of patient attentiveness to telephone reservations had quickened her hearing.

Richard was at home with a cold. It was late in the afternoon, Lucille was quietly basking in the tub. Richard had remarked that he must call up the office. As Lucille simmered, with just a faint granular sensation where some of the lavendar crystals had not completely melted, she heard him dial a number. But her magnificent ear, indolently attentive, suddenly recognized that the rasping clicks of the instrument were not those of his office call. No, this was in a different rhythm altogether. Short, medium, short; then medium, long, short, short. The least ripple died away in the tub as she listened; a drop of cold water from the shower fell disregarded on her nape.

"That you, Minnie?" she heard him say.

So he was talking to Minnie Hutzler, not at the office. He knew her home number!

Lucille was superb when in rage. The sudden riot of fury that filled every nerve and vein had nothing to do with the immediate and trifling occasion. Even as she exploded she knew that. It was woman's heroic protest against the unfairness of the world. If she could at that moment have abolished telephones, electricity, human speech itself, they would have been wiped out. With a sudden riotous flowering of every faculty she burst from the porcelain, crashed open the door, stood there dripping, pink with heat. It was only a short trajectory down the passage for a wet and soggy washcloth. It wrapped moistly round Richard's chin. He gurgled, and Miss Hutzler must have supposed his cold was even worse than they thought.

There was never any finer bit of detective work than Lucille's subsequent and secret experiment with the telephone dial. That particular succession of sounds was engraved in her memory. Short, medium, short; then medium, long, short, short. She fingered the dial with accurate ear until she got it. AMbergris 2-5922.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Essays in Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION. By JOHN DEWEY. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by HARRY T. COSTELLO
Trinity College

HERE is a handsome book, with an alluring title. There ought to be a law against wasting such a title on a set of more or less fugitive essays. Though strung together in some sort of sequence, only the opening and closing essays and one or two of the others even come very close to what the title promises. They deserve reprinting, and technical review in periodicals devoted to philosophy or psychology, but with some other author's name they would probably make very little stir.

Such criticism must not be taken as a denial that the properly prepared reader will benefit from a serious perusal of these collected papers. They show the wide range of Professor Dewey's interests. In the opening and title essay, he calls for more imagination in philosophy, and says Americans are afraid of speculative ideas. We wonder if his own type of philosophy has not, as a matter of fact, tended directly to strengthen this American tendency. There follow essays on the development of the pragmatist philsophy; on the nature of appearances; on the qualitative aspect of the world; on art; on law; on the personality of corporations; on the mental keenness of savages; on sense perception as not reaction, nor even inhibited reaction, but rather interaction with the environment, accompanying this discussion by an acute criticism of Bergson and of the reflex-arc concept in psychology; on philosophies of freedom; on the body-mind problem: on the inadequacy of our traditional habits of thought to the new conditions created by science, in which final essay he comes nearer to the subject suggested by the title of the book than anywhere else.

Plato is said to have burned his poems and turned dialectical philosopher. Yet Plato still remained a poet at heart. John Dewey admires Plato, admires him, we may suspect, for his dialectical rather than his poetic quality. But John Dewey is also similar to Plato, in that he suspects what he likes. So Dewey fled from dialectic to experience, but he still treats experience dialectically. He plays with the concept of "the concrete situation," and he does it marvelously well. He is powerful in criticism, and honestly tries to follow the argument whithersoever it may lead—provided it does not lead too far. Professor Dewey strives to be sane, almost pathologically sane, for such extravert sanity does violence to his own naturally speculative turn of mind. A touch of insanity has sometimes its value in a thinker, who would cut through the conventional theory which considers itself the common-sense view of the world. Professor Dewey is not quite willing enough to admit that much of the character of the world we live in is at present an insoluble problem. Professor Dewey says that when we recognize that mind works in a bodily environment, there is no problem and no mystery. We wish it were as simple as Professor Dewey makes out.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE lately derived some amusement from two quite different matters germane to the discussion of poetry. The first is a book-notice recently brought to my attention, which appeared in the London *Spectator* at the end of last October. The critic, one I. M. Parsons, was apparently reviewing, along with several other books, *Fatal Interview* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. I had fondly believed that this type of "reviewing" had vanished from England. The patronage is electrifying, and is only equalled by the commentator's ignorance. To quote from him:

> Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay is an American poetess whose work, one is led to believe, is held in some esteem in the country of her birth. In England she is known only to those who take an interest in American poetry, and to readers of her earlier book, *The Buck in the Snow*.

But, my dear sir, is not the taking of such a tone toward American poetry rather archaic? Truly, I do assure you, such outdated insularity comes to the ingenuous American mind as a quaint surprise! Yes indeed, Miss Millay's work is held in great esteem in this country, and quite properly. Also she has published quite a number of books, as you could easily have ascertained had you taken the trouble to inform yourself. The English reviewer is, however, further moved to aver

> No one, one would have thought, who bothered to read any of these sonnets twice, could fail to perceive beneath their arch abandon, their fetching intimacy, the utter triviality of their source.

Please note the carefully chosen and entirely misleading epithets, and the attempt at completely withering superiority. Surely it must all be a jolly "hoax!" No one, one would have thought, who deigned to allow himself to be bothered with the lessons of literature, could adopt a pose so excruciatingly comic. The eyelids are, indeed, more than a little weary. In fact, the eyes are obviously tightly shut! There is, in passing, a mock humility in disagreement professed toward the distinguished poet, Edmund Blunden, whose sponsoring of *Fatal Interview*, in glowing terms, is regarded as "Oh, but my dear chap!" Otherwise, of course,—away with Miss Millay; and, dear, dear, let us have no more of this American poetry! Let us rather, by all means, turn to the "pleasantly quiet and controlled" verse of Mr. L. A. G. Strong, who speaks of

> *This quick immediate world,*
> *This breathing warm demesne,*

though I for one, after somewhat marveling at "warm demesne," venture the statement that, so far as the "sensitive, trained observer, noting with admirable ease and sureness, the simpler, clearer, less vital of (life's) manifestations" is concerned, Edna St. Vincent Millay can easily give Mr. Strong, that pleasant Irish anthologist, cards, spades, and the whole pack, in any of her poems, and prove herself in a vastly superior category; save for that one phrase, "less vital," which presumably is a compliment to Mr. Strong. He may take it as such. I should not. And I will admit that Miss Millay's *forte* has never recognizably been the "less vital."

It is all most amusing. Though just why a periodical of the London *Spectator's* presumable importance should allot its poetry to one who, on his own showing, cannot tell a hawk from a handsaw, may be a matter for considerable wonder. From reading the review, one could not possibly form the slightest conception of the actual high merits of *Fatal Interview*, due to the antic and pedantic posturing of the reviewer. So polished a pose I have not, indeed, observed since reading of the days of Lockhart, nor a parallel blindness and insensitivity. O my dear sir! You are a fit subject for one of Siegfried Sassoon's admirable satires, if, indeed, you be not too lepidopterous!

The second matter that has amused me consists of some part of a dramatic poem for music entitled *Merry Mount*, by Richard L. Stokes (Farrar & Rinehart), in which, among other things, a minotaur ejaculates "Moo! Moo! Moo!" This comes along in Act II Scene III, "Bradford's Dream: The Hellish Rendezvous," of a grand opera libretto which has been accepted for production at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season 1932-33. Mr. Stokes is a well-known music critic.

Now, I do not know much about opera librettos, though I well remember a beautiful and successful one written by an American poetess, one Edna St. Vincent Millay (who is held in esteem in this country of her birth and who has, Mr. Parsons, apparently published quite a few books!) But miracles do not happen twice, and Mr. Stokes's effort,—at least, to read, without the aid of the score or the pageantry of operatic performance, rather upsets me. I was first upset on page seven, where Wrestling Bradford's declamation against the Devil charges that poor fiend with just about everything including "horrid sorceries of Indian powwows," (Blank verse to the powwows!) But the sachem, Samoset, has his answer ready. He merely retorts

> *Ahk-way tone-ah hog-kee-soo-pahm,*
> *Wonk-mit-tahl-tash ha-pee-nong-kwat!*
> (ooday otnay aflay!)
> *and exit, right, with squaw.*

In a minute or two Jonathan Banks, the Shaker, gets in some shrewd cracks at old Wrestling Bradford, beginning by calling him "Thou bane of God!" and ending, while flinging off his own clothes, by calling him "Thou wheelbarrow!" This being before the days of bicycles. He is hustled forth with blows and Bradford goes right on railing and also speaking of his temptations which include

> *The fair lascivious concubines of Hell,*
> *With dewy flanks and honey-scented*
> *breasts.*

He has quite an imagination! When Tewke puts in "My son, / Thour't overripe for marriage," I am certainly inclined to agree with him, even though Bradford will have none of this at first. However, there is a "silly wench," Tewke's daughter, to whom he is finally betrothed. Then occurs the well-known arrival of Sir Thomas Morton and his Maypole in New England, and there is, of course, an immediate clash between the Puritans and the Cavaliers of King Charles. In the first two scenes of the next act this quarrel comes to a head after the Merry Disports of the Maypole and the attempted wedding of Lady Marigold Sandys to Sir Gower Lackland. Sir Gower is killed. In justice to the author, I quote the following from his preface which explains much of the singing and chanting,

> To the King James Bible the obligation of the text is pervading—and compulsory. The directions for the Maypole scene are derived principally from Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the English People," and several choruses of the pageant are cited or adapted from traditional rhymes. The first stanza of Scrooby's drinking song is transcribed from a bacchanal imputed to Thomas Morton. The gibberish for Indians and Monsters of Hell is devised of syllables extracted, without aim of sense, from Cotton's manuscript vocabulary of the Massachusetts tongue. The doggerel twanged by the Saints while hewing down the Maypole simulates the style of the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," which is sometimes described as the "*Dies Iræ*" of New England."

In Bradford's dream, to which I have already referred, and which now ensues, we have imps and witches of Hell, Beelzebub and Moloch and Gog-Magog, and all the rest of them. They bear a resemblance to the Indians and the Cavaliers. The stage is peopled with monsters. Conversation between these is of a rather primitive nature:

> *FEMALE MONSTERS*
> (As the trumpets continue.)
> *Keh-keh-keh-quat?*
> *MALE MONSTERS*
> (Ominously)
> *Oh-boo-yen-yen!*
> *FEMALE MONSTERS*
> *Pa-pa-pa-quish?*
> *MALE MONSTERS*
> *Hog-min-ook-chong!*

(Which isn't very polite of them.) And when Bradford sits up and sees Lucifer, he is aroused to borrow the same ejaculation as did Svengali from the stage-box (if you remember your Du Maurier), namely, "Hast thou found me, / O mine enemy?" A little after that, an Apocalyptic Beast "rears erect on its hind legs and chants with three voices," "Alleluia!" Then he launches into a three-voice fugue. The monsters leap about with many a "Tchick, tchick, tchick!" and many a "Wonk, wonk, wonk, wonk." The imps, as I have said, bear a similarity to the Indians of former scenes, and the Princes of Hell to the Cavaliers. Lucifer calls on Bradford to curse God and so become "Prince of New England," and summons those "fair licentious courtesans of Hell" that we have already taken an interest in. Bradford aroints them, and nearly has the whole host beaten and in rout, when Astoreth suddenly appears in a honey-colored moon. Bradford recognizes her as Marigold Sandys, for whom he has lusted. It is too much for him when he sees her embracing Lucifer, for Lucifer declares quite frankly,

> *Since the stars of dawn together lay,*
> [Which is news to us!]
> *Never hath my marrow so raged*
> *With thirst to drain the fountains of thy*
> *flesh.*

Bradford agrees to sign the Devil's book if and providing "with me this Queen tonight shall couch," quite forgetting how the Imagists hated inversions. So he "spoils" Lucifer of his "leman," and signs on the dotted line. Upon which Astoreth, Bradford, and a Female Chorus go into a chant almost entirely made up of the Song of Solomon—which, I admit, no matter how you use it, can't be made anything but good poetry. To "a hubbub of yelps, croaks, mooings and hisses," Astoreth and Bradford, having retired, finally exclaim "O dulcet agony!" I shouldn't have used the word "dulcet" myself.

Last act: Bradford wakes up, and in place of Marigold or Astoreth finds that Plentiful Tewke, daughter of Praise-God Tewke and the "wench" earlier betrothed to Bradford, is crouching beside him. She has found him and covered him with her cloak. They leave the place and find the Indians all "Quag-kin-oh-boo"-ing, having just pillaged the settlement, the church of which has burned to the ground, other buildings being still aflame. Bradford confesses to the Puritans what he did when he was in Lucifer's clutches. But then suddenly Lady Marigold Sandys herself wanders on the scene. All immediately upbraid her as a Witch of Hell; though her only and laudable desire, bravely voiced, is to rejoin Sir Gower Lackland, late deceased, in death. We regret to say, however, that she is not permitted this satisfaction. Wrestling Bradford's insatiable desire for her quite overmasters him again. He is well named. He tears the white clerical bands from his coat, cries "Shall puny mortals daunt me?" shows them the Devil's mark upon his forehead, seizes the unfortunate Marigold, and strides with her in his arms into "a great bower of multicolored flame" that he has caused to spring up from the embers of the church. The Puritans are left dazedly intoning parts of the Lord's Prayer. It is all exceedingly rough on Marigold.

Seriously speaking, I can perceive a chance for a good deal of gorgeous effect

(*Continued on next page*)

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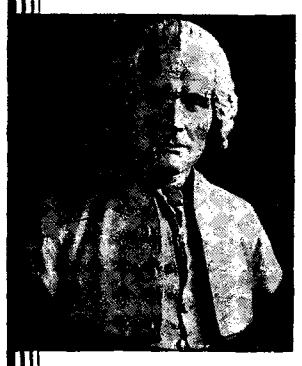

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Recent Dutch Novels

By HENRIETTA HENDRIX-HOLST

AGAIN the best novels that have been published recently in Holland were written by women.

Ina Boudier-Bakker came forward with a voluminous epic of Amsterdam family life, which took her five years to write. It goes back to the middle of last century and relates the events that were important in the capital, with the family of a physician as its centre. Its name, "The Knock at the Door" (De Klop op de Deur: Van Kampen & Zoon) hints at the modern ideas that in every period ask for admittance. They take their place in life, grow old-fashioned again, and have to make room for other innovations, knocking at the door, just as the little girl of the first part grows into a maiden, a wife, a mother, a grandmother, and the young people around her in their turn become the centre of the universe. Although the work is too long in proportion to its importance, it has exceedingly fine parts, and as always, Mrs. Boudier-Bakker shows herself a clever psychologist. Notwithstanding its more than a thousand pages and its high price, it has sold unusually well. It has been made into a play, with the unprecedented number of eighty scenes, but according to a description I received only a few days ago, it was a failure, and the author herself regretted deeply that she ever gave permission to have her novel dramatized.

Another book by a woman writer who has not achieved fame yet, but has a fair chance of doing so now, is "The Great Longing" (Het Groote Heimwee: Voor Goede en Goedkoope), by Marie Schmitz. Here she describes a young man with all the advantages one can have in life: health, wealth, intelligence, strength, beauty, culture, and what not besides. But he is the typical unscrupulous egotist, and as he also happens to be the real Schopenhauer type, always wanting what he has not got, and dissatisfied as soon as he has obtained it, he is miserable. He is longing passionately for he knows not what, and only after he has lost all his earthly possessions, his wife and child, his freedom and health, only then he realizes that at last he can be happy. A theory of abnegation which is rather unwholesome, but so well written and superbly explained, that we are compelled to read the absorbing story with growing admiration. This book has been translated into several languages and one day may find its way to America.

"The Miracle of Love" (Het Wonder der Liefde: Voor Goede en Goedkoope), not written by a woman, nor by a man, but by the pair together. Carel Scharten, the poet, and Margo Antink, the novelist, who since their marital union about a quarter of a century ago lost their separate individualities and together became a new literary creative power of great merit, are responsible for this work. It makes us acquainted with prison life in Italy, but what the location and circumstances are, is not very important; the description of characters—always universal—is the chief point and in this book of remarkable beauty.

The hero and heroine meet in prison, only seeing each other at a distance, never speaking to each other, but in love at first sight. He is a magnificent young giant, who fails to understand why he was praised and rewarded when he killed innocent people in the war, and punished with a term of four years in prison when he tried to shoot a betrayer in private life. The only thing he regrets is that he failed to kill in this last instance. She is a young creature of equal physical magnificence. She got three years because she knocked a drunkard on his head, when he was kicking his pregnant wife. She had accidentally killed the scoundrel.

He and she exchange a few notes through the kind assistance of the prison's exterminator. He can hardly write, but he scribbles the date of his prospective release on a small slip of paper, and she answers that she will wait for him. After years of misery and intervening adventures he is at the prison door on the given date, and free, waiting for a whole day long, knowing that it is madness and hopeless and in vain.

But—the miracle happens. She comes. And they are the perfect lovers, the two congenial souls, belonging together.

For these pages, in which the pathetic waiting and the romantic meeting are told, the book—with its sometimes tedious tale of eventless prison life—is worth reading.

"Erratics" (Dwalenden: Van Kampen & Zoon), by Alex Frank, is a novel of the Amsterdam underworld. Here the people are perfectly conscious of their crimes, robberies, burglaries, killings if necessary, but they consider this as their legitimate trade, their means of living. The only difficulty is to evade the police. They have their own code of honor, and in their relations to family and friends are sometimes admirable. There is a delightful description of a burglary, where the gang forces a safe but does not discover anything valuable. A little boy, nephew of the leader, brought up in these surroundings, discovers by chance a lot of a thousand guilders banknotes in an office book thrown on the floor. He pockets the treasure and for a moment considers how rich he will be if he keeps it. "But he immediately rejected this thought. No, that would not be honest. The money belonged to the whole gang, who had planned and executed the burglary."

The life of this boy, who as an orphan moves from the country to the city, from sunny open spaces to dark underground quarters, who admires and loves his kind-hearted uncle, is described with infinitely more interest and charm than many lives of boys in respectable or luxurious surroundings with a more usual code of morals and a less exciting existence. And of the boy's sister, initiated in the finesses of sex life and its rewards at a very tender age, we read with sympathy and compassion. It is a pity that the end of the book is only concerned with her.

"The Maddening Saxophone" (De Razende Saxofoon: Voor Goede en Goedkoope), by Simon Koster, is the worst of all these books and will probably be the best seller. It is like a bad movie, full of far-fetched, exciting, morbid, and sensuous episodes, would-be modern, would-be high-life, and would-be American. The girl of the story is said to be of a very distinguished noble family, and she flirts with a colored saxophone player, to the disgust of a young playwright, who is full of ideals. He is the only sane individual in the book, though a weakling, and his admiration for the leading actress is very well told and quite plausible. The abnormality of her set soon begins to affect him, but when he is admitted to the circle of the wealthy girl and her boy friends, when at a studio party the company dances to the music of two gramophones with different tunes playing together, he becomes completely crazy. The end is murder and suicide. Besides a band of colored jazz players, everything that is common and vulgar is introduced as American by this company of rich lunatics, who live either in London or Berlin, commuting by airplanes or yachts. As if America had nothing else to introduce but cocktails, comic songs, funny strips, chewing-gum, negroes, and saxophones!

And yet—with its lack of everything that is necessary to write a good novel—there is a touch of genius in it, and Mr. Simon Koster may one day write a story that is worth while.

"Elizabeth Robin's first book of memories will be called 'Theatre and Friendship,' and will consist of letters written by Henry James to the commentator, and to the late Lady Bell, who was once perfectly described by her nephew-in-law, the late Cecil Spring-Rice, as "the cleverest, kindest, and dearest of women," writes Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. "A further volume will be of a more general character and will contain, I understand, a long series of letters written by Bernard Shaw.

"I have just been glancing over the new volume of British Book-Auction Records. In one sense the bottom has fallen out of the great trade in first editions, which increased each year in what appeared to some of us an amazing ratio since, say, 1918. But in another sense it is interesting and curious to see how certain popular Victorian novelists who were thought comparatively little of by the critics of their own day, are now eagerly collected, the prices for really fine first editions of their works even now increasing for every three months to three months. This is peculiarly true of those writers' best known novels. To give two examples, Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," and Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," could have been bought before the war for as many pence as they now fetch pounds. On the other hand, I was astonished to see that a first edition, with every point perfect, of Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' fetched but fifteen shillings, while in the same sale a copy of his 'Father Damien," imperfect, fetched fifteen pounds. Among the older writers, there is a steady increase in the value of Byron first editions. Owing to his enormous contemporary popularity for about a hundred years, perfect editions of Byron could be picked up for very little money indeed. All books of the association type still command in some cases fancy prices. Among modern writers, the greatest leap in values of that kind concerns Rupert Brooke. In the Book-Auction Records just published, an association copy of his poems fetched forty-five pounds; the prize poem he wrote as a schoolboy seventy pounds, and the galley proof of the same poem, corrected by him, thirty-eight pounds."

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes is the author of numerous novels, of which the two most recent are "Letty Lynton," of which the moving picture rights have just been bought, and "Vanderlyn's Adventure."

Round About Parnassus

(*Continued from preceding page*)

in scenery and costumes when "Merry Mount" is staged. And of course the music may be superb. And perhaps a grand-opera libretto can never really carry great verse, it cannot be "got over" to the audience. It is perfectly possible that in using so much of the Bible, (even when cruelly wrested out of the old context) traditional rhymes, and so on, Mr. Stokes has been wise; since whatever seems to be his own dialogue must, I regret to say, rank as the merest fustian. He has a subject, certainly, that simply erupts with action; even though it is excessively damaging to the Puritans. He also has a sense of spectacle. But I cannot help thinking,—oh, I cannot help thinking a good many things,—including "Keh-keh-keh-quat?" and "Pa-pa-pa-quish?"

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Two Heroes and a Map

THE ROAD TO GRANADA. By ARTHUR STRAWN. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by ANITA BRENNER

SOME months before Columbus bumped into America he and a brave, very young, and very noble Spanish hidalgo named Don Manuel of Albamar outwitted and eventually triumphed over a very wicked scheming grandee who wanted the young hidalgo's estate and Columbus's most precious map, and who was very unscrupulous about his methods of getting these things. In fact, he was fiendish.

In the course of vanquishing the grandee, Columbus and Manuel escape from a moated and dungeoned castle and flee into the night, fall in with a band of noble-hearted outlaws from whom they rescue a jolly friar, at the same time remaining friends and protegees of the bandits for other services performed. With the help of these gallant gentlemen they dodge the grandee's iron claw, but Manuel is so impulsive and idealistic that he rescues a poor little Moorish slave from a cruel master and thus becomes involved with the Inquisition, from which he is rescued by Columbus and the grateful friar.

While all these rescues are going on the map has been secreted in a green vase, and has been taken to Granada by a Jew, escaping the King's greed. Manuel and Columbus outride the grandee to Granada, and arrive just in time to witness the fall of the Moorish king Boabdil and the victorious entry of the Catholic forces. Manuel saves a noble lady from a fanatic Moor, and is thus enabled to secure an audience from Isabella and her approval of Columbus's enterprise. But first, of course, the map is recovered, at great risk and with much excitement.

Clearly the story has all the elements of a romantic thriller and none of the characters necessary to the conventions of historical romance has been omitted. Everything is just as it should be, simply and skilfully told in nice, biggish type. If this reviewer had a child or a relative twelve years old, "The Road to Granada" would be on her book list, unless she could find as good a tale with better pictures, because the black and white woodcut style illustrations are its only bad fault. They are neuter, even ugly, and may perhaps be explained by the fact that the book sells for a dollar and seventy-five cents, or because it is intended for young people who aren't supposed to care.

Great Explorers

HEROES OF CIVILIZATION. By JOSEPH COTTLER and HAYM JAFFE. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN C. GRUENBERG

THIS is an excellent contribution to the widespread effort to interest young people in types of heroism appropriate for an age of reason, science, and international good will. The material is well selected, including sketches of some thirty-odd "heroes," divided into four groups—heroes of exploration, of pure science, of invention, and of biology and medicine. The authors have assimilated their material and avoided a common fault in books of this character, namely, the mere dilution of encyclopædic information for young readers. There is a special feel for the time sequence of great men and great developments. The reader is made to feel the continuity of cultural and intellectual developments instead of getting a number of isolated sketches.

The material in the text is authentic and reliable, so that the book serves as a convenient means of reference for a variety of historical and scientific information.

One criticism which may perhaps escape the young reader, for whom the book is primarily intended, lies in the obvious purpose of the writers, namely, that of glorifying the heroism of noncombatant efforts and exploits. The heroism of the great men (and one woman, Mme. Curie) is inherent in their strivings and achievements, and the occasional pointing of the moral is somewhat superfluous. The book can be recommended to students of the junior high school level and should be a useful addition to every school library.

Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH.

William Morris Retold

THE WOLF'S-HEAD AND THE QUEEN. By JOHN-MARTIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by SOPHUS KEITH WINTHER

AN experience which parents and their children can enjoy together without pretense on either side is rare. Parents often try their best to enter into the pleasure their children take in the stories they read, but books that interest people of all ages are few. The wonder of many modern books for children is that this difficulty has been overcome. Stories by Sandburg and Milne have no age limit.

The same may be said of John-Martin's "The Wolf's-Head and the Queen." This story is a slightly abbreviated and modernized version of William Morris's "Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair." This tale relates the marvellous adventures of Child Christopher: of how he was concealed deep in the forest and allowed to grow up without knowing that he was a king's son; and of Goldilind the heir to a throne but kept imprisoned in an unfriendly castle. Romance, adventure, charm, gentleness, and beauty are all characteristics that will make it appealing to children, but in addition, it is a profound study of life which will hold the attention of mature readers.

In a very good introduction addressed to his children readers, John-Martin gives the source of his story and remarks that there are many more romances by William Morris, continuing "One day when you are older you will look them up and have the same joy they have given me over many years of repeated reading." While this is addressed to the children there is no reason why most parents should not also be included. From the story of the "Wolf's-head and the Queen" they might go on to endless adventures with William Morris into "The House of the Wolfings," "The Wood Beyond the World," and finally into the study of the most complex and interesting personality of modern times. William Morris was architect, painter, poet, novelist, interior decorator, printer, book-binder, maker of rugs, social reformer, and in his spare moments he made some of the finest tales from the ancient Icelandic Sagas that the world has ever known. If John-Martin's book introduces his readers to William Morris, it will be a notable achievement.

John-Martin's story is a modernized version. He gives the impression that children might not understand Morris's language and there may be some truth in that, although I doubt it. Had he merely appended a glossary, as he says he thought of doing, it might have been better. But he made some changes that were not merely linguistic. In one very fine passage Morris tells how Goldilind, after being exhausted by a long ride through the forest, comes to a stream. Here she "did off all her raiment, and stood naked a little on the warm sunny grass, and then bestirred her and went lightly into the pool, and bathed and sported there, and then came on to the grass again, and went to and fro to dry her in the air and sun." John-Martin economizes. His version has it: "She drank deep and bathed her face, neck, and white young arms to the shoulders."

In another passage, John-Martin evidently felt that Morris needed expansion. Morris writes of Goldilind: "When she had lain listening to the horse cropping the grass close anigh her for a minute or two, she fell fast asleep, and lay there long and had no dreams." The child's version has it: "For a while she rested, listening to the horse cropping his meal close to her, and to many little sounds of the night; at last, she fell asleep with the good God's stars keeping their sleepless watch above her." Neither of these passages recommend themselves as an improvement over William Morris. Piety is no substitute for art.

John-Martin has not often interfered with the story as Morris tells it. He has simply recast it in modern language. Therein lies its strength and charm. The binding, paper, printing, and illustration are worthy of the subject. I believe William Morris, could he have seen it, would have said, "It is a well made book and good to look at."

In the South-West

LAZARO IN THE PUEBLOS. The Story of Antonio de Espejo's Expedition into New Mexico. By CORNELIA JAMES CANNON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.

SIX FEET SIX. The Heroic Story of Sam Houston. By BESSIE ROWLAND JAMES and MARQUIS JAMES. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

THOSE who have seen the earlier books by Cornelia Cannon dealing with children of the Pueblos will be happy to find another to add to that corner of the nursery bookshelf. This book, in addition to the wholesome, fresh, and interesting matter of the former volumes, has the appeal of history; it will satisfy the child reader who likes to feel that all is not the land of make-believe, but that the story really happened. The adventures of the small Spanish lad who journeys with Espejo's party to rescue two missionaries taken captive by Indians, lead the reader back into the days of the Conquistadores, when New Mexico was a region unexplored, and a region of fabulous riches. Fortunately, the Spanish invaders dealt more kindly with the Pueblo Indians than did the men of British and American blood, and their civilization remains today without much change from what it was three hundred years ago. This enables the author to set the stage for her tale of adventure and exploration with an accuracy and truth to local color seldom met with in historical stories written for children. The book gives the friendly, kindly Indian folk as they really are (or were), and brings us into touch with native custom and historical event with an immediacy and emotion unusual in juvenile narratives. The people one meets here are worth meeting, the events hold the interest, and at times the story will move the reader with keen sympathy. All this is presented in a style which, though simple, and adapted for children from nine to fourteen, fails to be monotonous. A sound performance.

Sam Houston's life has recently been handled by a number of biographers. Of these books, none has surpassed "The Raven," the Pulitzer Prize biography by Marquis James. It is nowadays our custom to hand on to our children those books which have delighted us, and in "Six Feet Six" we have offered us an attempt to rewrite the story of Sam Houston for children—or, should one say, for boys—by Mrs. James and the original author, her husband. Such an attempt is, incidentally, an interesting criticism of our modern prose style, considering that most of our older classics are now, in effect, juveniles, though written for adults.

"Six Feet Six" carries the reader from Sam Houston's boyhood on the plantation in Virginia through his creation of the Republic and State of Texas, and on to the end. All the more colorful, dramatic, and significant actions of his stirring life pass swiftly before us: the battles, the duels, the grandstand plays, political intrigues, personal quarrels, and life among the Indians. All that lies outside the comprehension or interests of boyhood has been deftly passed over: all that might be essential to a boy's understanding of the man of action has been retained. Even older readers will lay the book aside with reluctance. Indeed, the vocabulary is sometimes better suited to adults than to boys; the style is choppy, and (one cannot help feeling) does not chime with the normal rhythms of the writer's thought. For all that, "Six Feet Six" should win devoted readers among lads of spirit with the salt of masculine adventure in them.

Native of the Tropics

BOY OF THE SOUTH SEAS. By EUNICE TIETJENS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT

THIS is a story of south sea life. Teiki, the hero, is a ten-year-old boy, a native of the Marquesas. His adventures begin the moment he wakes up frightened to find himself sailing away from home in an English schooner, because he had dozed off to sleep in the lifeboat, unnoticed by anyone aboard, while the small cargo of tinned foods and cotton stuffs was being discharged. To sail off to another island was, to Teiki, like sailing to the moon. After six weeks at sea they came to Moorea; it looked friendly, and not unlike his own home island, with its high mountains, coconut palms, and scattering of small houses by the shore. The ship anchored for a few hours—she was on her way to Tahiti—and Teiki seized the chance to climb down a rope and swim ashore.

Moorea became his new home. First he lived alone in the mountains, finding and cooking his own food; then he was adopted by a native family in the village, and went to school with the other children. You will read old legends and superstitions of the Polynesians, as Teiki knew or learned them. His sports, too—fishing, dancing, singing, cock-fighting—all these are part of the story. But Teiki is a Marquesan, and made of somewhat sterner stuff than his new friends. He is a little restless, dissatisfied with the ease and softness of the new life, until at last he discovers and becomes acquainted with an old hermit who lives all alone in the mountains. He, too, was once a native of the Marquesas, and knows well the ancient art of wood-carving.

The story flows on smoothly and entertainingly until the very end, where the reader suddenly finds out that Teiki is to go north to Honolulu and make his career in the museum there—that great storehouse for the world of Polynesia—where he will have a unique chance to help in discovering and preserving the lost arts of his once powerful race. Although this is a conceivable enough development, it seems a little out of place. The world of the white man crashes unnaturally into the south sea serenity.

Even so, the author has told her story effectively. In fact, her prose pictures are fresh and more vivid than Myrtle Sheldon's drawings. She has carefully selected details either from accurate research or personal experience, so that her descriptions of native life bear the mark of authenticity. She has the poet's eye for the rare beauty of the tropical island—the green grandeur of mountain peaks, the color of tropic skies and seas. The background itself takes on such life and reality that it becomes the chief reason for the story.

Teiki may be on his way to Honolulu; he may never return to Moorea; yet, as you read, you will know just what is happening on that sunny island day after day, year in and year out.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

HARPER AND BARD. By TOM PEETE CROSS. Rockwell. 1931. $1.25.

PREFACE TO FICTION. By ROBERT MORSE LOVATT. The same.

THE CHALLENGE OF MODERN CRITICISM. By PERCY HOLMES BOYNTON. The same.

In "Harper and Bard" the intent is evident to diffuse knowledge and cater to an increasingly intelligent public. It succeeds. That is to say, knowledge of the beauties of Irish literature is conveyed to the reader. But the method imposed by so great a condensation—all the material of the three great cycles, the Mythological, the Cu Chullin, and the Ossianic, besides a historical introduction—poetical analysis and legendary substance compressed into one hundred and twenty-eight pages, is a handicap. Tom Peete Cross, an ardent lover of this beauty and not merely a professor of English, does all that can be done with it. To a casual reader who has seen the name Fir Bolg, or Tuatha de Danaan, or Deirdre, or Oisin, as tantalizing clues to a great unknown literature, comes illumination. Here he shall know what those names, and many more like them, mean; and how much is myth, how much has a nucleus of reality. But the glory of the literature itself he will not find here. The few quotations from the poems themselves will be proof to him that the chief beauty is in the verse itself, not in the legends as such. The power of this literature is in the lines, the rhythms, the poignant phrases. And so the book is correctly described as an accession to popular knowledge. For a real experience of this literature we shall be driven to the originals, or to adequate translations.

In "Preface to Fiction" Professor Lovett introduces the general reader to the novel as a world form, and the most popular of all modern forms of literary art. It would be hard to find a more succinct yet readable outline of the nature and evolution of this protean thing, than is given in the Introduction to this volume. Six notable examples—Russian, French, Scandinavian, English, German, and American—are given each a chapter, and these analyses and appraisals form the bulk of the book. It closes with a brief discussion of the "post-Realistic Novel," using Joyce and Proust as types. Besides a fair and impersonal inquiry into the merits of the six principal books chosen for illustration, the chapters contain a brief but illuminating account of the authors of these novels. No reader who desires a condensed survey of the nature, evolution, and types of the modern novel could go astray in selecting this book.

In "The Challenge of Modern Criticism" Professor Boynton undertakes a more delicate task. What a reader thinks of his success in handling it may depend upon his own alignment in critical controversy to which this subject matter almost inevitably leads. But, however one sides on that technical issue, it must be granted that the presentation of the main lines of this discussion is stimulating and sound. One is made vividly aware of the fact that there was little robust or independent criticism either of American literature or American life prior to a date so recent as 1910. Readers seem to have been content with essays about polite literature. Earlier insurgency was pretty well ignored—or punished—before that date. Estimates of the contributions of Mencken and of Stuart Sherman in the attack upon and defense of Puritanism, and of poets, novelists, and essayists, to the broader question of America versus Europe, make up a large part of the volume. It narrows down, finally, to the "Hubbub over Humanism," and in a chapter of that title the part played by leading participants is described. The word "humanism" is carefully defined. It should clear the mind of any one who may have lacked leisure to follow the dispute. This chapter shows a leaning toward the humanist side, and a belief that this leaning is also characteristic of the commonality, or at least of the solid American citizen. In any case it will aid him to articulate his own view.

TWO STUDIOS. *By Henry Handel Richardson.* London: Ulysses Press. (New York, David Schwartz, 162 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.)

Fiction

THE PARTY AT THE PENTHOUSE. By ARTHUR M. CHASE. Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

Steve Carrington—a Harvard man, one regrets to observe—used to throw rather catch-as-catch-can parties in The Hermitage, as he called his penthouse bungalow on top of the Madison Building. There, twenty-six stories above the street and in complete isolation, little gatherings assembled; a large paper rose in the living-room was a hint that whatever happened must be considered *sub rosa*. But on the evening described in this lively mystery story the party was not supposed to be a wild one. The guests were a stockbroker and his wife, and engineer and ditto, and a clever young publisher with his exceptionaly attractive consort. There were also the very lovely Mary Parsons; the host's secretary, Mr. Deakin; an Irish baronet called Sir Geoffrey, and Marjorie, herself a writer of detective tales and narrator of this one. And that the number of the group was thirteen, the time midnight, a thunderstorm, a spook seance, a Cellini stiletto, and a green diamond. It was obviously a bad omen when Mr. Carrington, the somewhat sinister host, took to singing Danny Deever in his cups. The tale is well told and makes excellent pastime. Mr. Chase makes a welcome addition to our native mystery writers.

HILLS WERE HIGHER THEN. By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER. Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Here are eight short stories which, with machine-made perfection, relate conflicts between upstate farmers back in horse-and-buggy days. Each story is a further revelation of the incredible sagacity of old man MacNaughten, who aids poor widows, unhorses smart alecs, solves murder mysteries, settles a will case before the corpse gets cold. Always beside the old man on the buggy seat is young Luke, his grandson, who tells the tales and who seems to have had, at an early age, faculties of observation equalling those of a trained writer. Only the incidental characters can seem like human beings, however, not having to be master minds, as old man MacNaughton, or heroic observers, as young Luke.

Mr. Kahler writes a neat style which carries the reader swiftly, without jolts, through the action. His plots are ingenious, perfectly set forth, with plenty of threads thrown out to catch suspense and never a one of them left untied. The judiciously employed local color seems genuine enough, but the characters work with such well-oiled precision toward a denouement in the last paragraph that one ineluctably doubts them. These stories are for those who prefer perfect plots to human records.

THE FLESH IS WEAK. By JOHN HELD, JR. Vanguard. 1931. $2.50.

In his latest volume, which is only his fourth, counting his collection of dog anecdotes, John Held, Jr., more than ever takes the shape of the Nemesis of the Younger Generation. He does not mince any words about it. He believes the flesh is weak—and how. In college towns (of course), at the Racquet and Tennis Club, in office buildings, or in the slums, in fact, just anywhere, Mr. Held thinks of the flesh as being very, very weak, and that youthful morons are giving their adolescent passions no rest at all. The second of the insignificant little sketches of which this book is composed is about a factory girl who is pregnant without the holy bonds. Probably Mr. Sumner will cast his eye over the sketch called "Penitentiary Bait" but decide not to prosecute because of the moral. The whole book leaves you with the impression that Mr. Held had better take up something a little more adult than the Younger Generation before he becomes a specialist in dementia præcox and maniac depressives. For Mr. Held is known as a student of college students, of Youth in general, and now the trouble is that Mr. Held is growing up and getting philosophical.

This, and also his barren, skeleton way of telling things—he has a plotless mind—is saved and redeemed by some of his famous drawings. They are really what makes the book worth its price, because drawing is Mr. Held's medium, and they touch off his stories. Nobody can draw a Non-Wallflower, either at a Junior Prom or at a Bootleggers' Ball, showing her garters and her lack of underclothing, with less sex lust than John Held, Jr. Not only that, but his pictures tell ten thousand times better what he is trying to say in words. Only in the drawings can you completely understand John Held, Jr., who knows so much about Youth and its pitfalls, and who probably hardened his arteries at the age of twenty. In spite of his adult fear of the consequences John Held still thinks adolescently, that is to say, with complete and poignant frankness. In his wordage he says almost everything that publishers allow, and doesn't quite make it. His drawings, perhaps, can make a college student laugh, and laugh at himself.

CHAKA. By THOMAS MOFOLO. Translated by F. H. DUTTON. Oxford University Press. 1931. $3.

The intimate life and thought of the African peoples has been intelligently disclosed in this book which Sir Henry Newbolt in an illuminating introduction calls "something like a mixture of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm." A combination of epic, tragic drama, and history, "Chaka" is a contribution to the literature of South Africa, showing, in a transitory, intermediate age of growth, a sympathy with the Africa of the past and a feeling in like sincerity for the Africa of the future.

Though actually an imaginative drama fluctuating between clear history, romantic narrative, and sheer tragedy, one cannot help but feel throughout the book an undertone of allegorical import. For Mofolo Chaka's overpowering career is a supreme example of the destruction of human life by the rule of deliberate and consistent brute force. The witch-doctors are employed to function as symbols of traits in Chaka's own perverted character. Born of sin, Chaka becomes the incarnation of an evil which is satiated only by the killing of human beings. To rise to the greatest power Chaka must sacrifice everything, and Isanusi, the witch-doctor, aids him with medicines which instil in the bloodthirsty chief an even greater craving for human slaughter in which he kills his wife and mother to come to his his own deserved end at the hands of his brothers when his own evil comes back upon him.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY PLACE. By RUSSELL NEALE. Harpers. 1932. $2.50.

Of high originality, this novel of farm and village life refuses to be herded into a category. It has realistic aspects, yet is written, for the most part, in romantic language. In character, it is authentically American, and at the same time it has a rich and fulsome flavor of Irish humor.

The story has it that old Aunt Imoe, a meddlesome old hag, sets a curse upon her nephew. Accordingly, the nephew, Piper Mark, who had built the largest house and the largest barn for his own glory, begins to fall a victim to witchcraft. At least the old lady keeps on cursing him, and his affairs continue to go from bad to worse. His wife turns cold, his children, who were to have been subjects for his pride, get seduced with all the tragedy that can attend small community seduction. With this sort of a story, Mr. Neale contrives, nevertheless, to prove that Piper Mark's curse is one that comes from within himself. True, the author seems, once or twice, to believe in his own ghosts and witches, but he soon forgets them and returns to his larger theme, the sexual longings and perverted escapes of people who are repressed in the name of rural respectability.

JESSE AND MARIA. By ENRICA VON HANDEL MAZZETTI. Translated by GEORGE N. SHUSTER. Holt. 1931. $2.50.

This is a novel on a grand plan, designed to show how humble and lordly inhabitants of the Danube country were affected by the epochal struggle between the seventeenth century Catholics and Lutherans. The tale is of the martyrdom of young Jesse von Velderndorff, an outspoken Protestant knight, through the blundering of Maria Shinnagel, devout Catholic wife of the district forester.

The story would be very moving, but that it is often smothered under massive period ornamentation. The book suffers from too much technique. The characters are conceived as arguments rather than

(*Continued on page* 481)

New and Notable Scribner Books

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Points of View

Terra Incognita

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In her recently published novel, "American Beauty," Miss Edna Ferber has described, with great exactness, the imaginary house built by Sir Orrange Oakes in Connecticut, somewhere about the year 1700. Because this house is the stage upon which the three acts of her drama are enacted, and because it forms the material background throughout her story, Miss Ferber has pictured it with such a profusion of detail as even to give us, in three instances, the actual dimensions of its timbers.

It is rather unfortunate that with such obviously sketchy architectural knowledge, Miss Ferber has attempted to be so exact, for she has succeeded only in picturing a house which could not possibly have existed in 1700 Connecticut. Not only that, but she has embodied in the house features which are not to be found in Connecticut's domestic architecture of any period. Miss Ferber, like most laymen who attempt to write upon matters architectural, has got her technical information sadly mixed, and the house which she describes is as much an anachronism as machine guns would be in a battle of the Civil War.

The plans of this mythical house of Sir Orrange Oakes (there never was a "Sir" Anybody in Connecticut, by the way) were drawn, according to Miss Ferber, by no one less than Sir Christopher Wren, whom she intimately designates as "Kit" Wren. There is not a shred of evidence to prove that Wren ever drew plans for any building in New England; certainly, after the great London fire of 1666 Wren was far too busy in rebuilding that city to turn his hand to the preparation of plans for a provincial house in the American colonies.

According to Miss Ferber this extraordinary house, built of brick, contained "twenty rooms, and twenty fireplaces." Such a mansion *might* have been built in 1700 Virginia, where there was far greater wealth, and the earlier use of brick was more common, but it is far from reasonable to suggest that it might have existed among the bleak and stony hills of Connecticut at such an early date. We have no evidence, either physical or documentary, to indicate that bricks were used for house building in Connecticut much before the middle of the eighteenth century. Anyone familiar with the domestic architecture of Connecticut of that period knows that it was only during the preceding twenty-five years that the houses had begun to lose their medieval characteristics, such as the framed overhang with its drops and carbels, small casement windows with diamond-shaped panes of leaded glass, and that plastering, as a means of finishing interior walls, had begun to come into common use.

We are entertained by being told that the foundation stones of this house, many of which were between ten and twenty feet long, were broken out from a nearby ledge by the simple expedient of a giant negro who dropped a boulder, balanced on his head, upon them. More likely he would have succeeded only in smashing his feet. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of quarrying knows that stones of this size could have been detached from the ledge only by drilling and the use of metal wedges. One stone, Miss Ferber states, was twenty-two feet long, two feet wide, and fourteen inches thick. Such a stone would weigh approximately three and a half tons, yet we are told that it was transported a distance of ninety yards on a hand barrow, a truly remarkable feat!

Miss Ferber asks us to believe that the ceilings of the Oakes house were fourteen feet high, which is obviously fantastic, for the average ceiling height up to the Revolutionary period was under eight feet, and rarely, if ever, exceeded it. Even in such a comparatively large and sophisticated house as the Deming House in Litchfield, built nearly a century later than the Oakes house, the ceilings on the first floor are but 10′-0″ high. Ceiling heights of fourteen feet are not to be found even in city houses built of brick, during the first decade of the nineteenth century!

Miss Ferber describes in great detail a leaded glass fanlight over the front entrance door of the Oakes house, a feature which no Connecticut house of 1700 ever possessed. Leaded glass fanlights did not appear until well after the Revolution, and their existence much before 1800 was exceedingly rare.

It would be equally difficult to believe that this marvellous house—entirely the product of Miss Ferber's facile imagination—displayed a carved frieze of oak leaves beneath its cornice, a clever play upon the name Oakes. Naturalistic forms were never carved in the friezes of Connecticut houses of any period, least of all in those of 1700! We occasionally find a house, built around the beginning of the nineteenth century, though more probably later, whose frieze is carved with groups of vertical flutes or ornamented by festoons formed by bored holes, but carved leaves—never!

The doors of this house, Miss Ferber tells us, both exterior and interior, were of oak, without exception. This is quite contrary to the fact, for oak was never used in Connecticut for making doors. The doors of the front entrance of the Parson Russell house in Branford, through which the books given for the founding of Yale College were carried, may be seen today in the Library of Yale University, and are, quite as they should be, of white pine.

In the kitchen of the Oak house there were four ovens, going, we are told, "at full blast." To find more than one brick oven in an early kitchen is exceedingly uncommon: two is the absolute limit. The writer has examined hundreds of these ovens, and has yet to see one having any connection with the chimney flues. Obviously, therefore, they could not go "full blast." They were used by being filled with glowing embers; after these were raked out, the heat retained by the masonry did the baking. Such ovens worked on much the same principle as the modern "fireless cooker."

The oak posts of the house, Miss Ferber states, measured nine inches by nine inches at the bottom, and ten inches by fifteen inches at the top. Here is a double error, for, in the first place, brick houses had no corner posts. Unlike frame houses, the weight of the floor construction was borne by the brick walls, and posts were obviously unnecessary. In the second place, posts flared in but one direction, so that two opposite sides were always parallel. Assuming a bottom dimension of nine by nine inches, the measurements at the top might have been nine by fifteen, but certainly not "ten by fifteen inches."

According to Miss Ferber, the newels and balusters of the main stairs she describes were of mahogany. This wood was not used for such a purpose in Connecticut until well after Revolutionary times, and then but rarely. Even a century later, in 1800, its use was not common. Stairs in the houses of 1700 or thereabouts were invariably of oak and pine, and almost Jacobean in character.

In the course of the story we are told how the body of the first Tamar, the little daughter of Sir Orrange Oakes, was cremated in the very kiln in which the bricks for the house were burned. Miss Ferber apparently does not know that bricks are not fired in a kiln, more or less as loaves of bread are baked in an oven! The sun-dried bricks of clay *themselves* form the kiln. They are loosely piled, to permit the passage of heat, and the "kiln" built in such a fashion that it is pierced longitudinally by a low vaulted tunnel in which the firing wood is burned. The kiln, before firing, is plastered over on the outside with a coating of clay, to retain the heat. After the kiln has been fired, and allowed to cool, this covering is removed and the bricks are used as required. Bricks have been burned in this fashion from time immemorial. Yet Miss Ferber asks us to believe that a body was cremated in such a kiln, *after* the bricks which formed it had been used for building the house!

There is, in the book, a reference to the "tight, white clapboarded houses" of the period, which are held up in sharp contrast to the stately Oakes mansion of *brick*. Clapboarded houses there were in 1700 Connecticut, without doubt, but they were not painted white. A map of New Haven, dated 1748, designates the color of each house. They were painted red or blue; not one of them was white, for the use of white paint did not begin until well after the middle of the eighteenth century.

Miss Ferber's books justly enjoy a wide circle of popularity, and for this very reason it is unfortunate that she should have attempted to describe, with such minutiæ of detail, a house which distinctly does not fit its architectural period. For she has placed before her reading public an altogether false picture of an early Connecticut house, so convincingly presented as to mislead the average layman.

J. FREDERIC KELLY, A. L. A.

The writer of the above letter is a Connecticut architect who in the course of his career has closely examined hundreds of ancient houses in all parts of the state from cellar to garret. He has published several books on the subject.

Lagonda Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was very much interested in seeing Mr. Morley's query about the name "Lagonda" in The Bowling Green of December twenty-sixth, as that happens to be a name with which I have been familiar all my life. There was a place called "Lagonda," a small manufacturing town in Ohio, near which the Gunn family lived at one time; but it has been incorporated within the city of Springfield, Ohio, of which it is now the northeastern section.

"Lagonda" is an Indian word meaning "buck." It is such a poetic sounding name that it seems a pity that the creek which flows through Springfield should be called "Buck Creek," instead of "Lagonda Creek," as it was originally named. The International Harvester Company has a branch factory in the Lagonda District of Springfield, and this branch used to be known as the Lagonda Works of Warder, Bushnell, & Glessner Company.

There also existed for some time in Springfield a stag club by this name, which was persistently pronounced by the first president as "Laygunde." One of the early members put up a stiff, but losing, fight to keep the club true to its name, and its portals entirely closed to women.

ANNE C. P. BOWMAN.

New York.

Praise is Due

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Arnold Whitridge in his review of the Boswell Papers in your issue of January 2nd gives due credit to Col. Isham, the purchaser of the manuscripts, to Professor Pottle, the editor, and to William Edwin Rudge, the printer. Strangely enough, he neglects to mention Mr. Bruce Rogers, the designer of "this glorious edition." The surpassing beauty of Mr. Rogers's achievement cannot be disregarded in any discussion of this difficult undertaking. I am all the more moved to call attention to this doubtless unintended slight because in a recent comment by Mr. Morley on the same publication, he too failed to include the distinguished typographer whose participation in the venture has been one of the vital factors in its success.

MAXWELL STEINHARDT.

New York City.

Jeremiah Clemens

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am engaged upon a biography of Jeremiah Clemens of Alabama (1814-1865), soldier, senator, and leading novelist of the 'fifties and 'sixties. If your readers have letters or other information about Clemens, will they please communicate with me?

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

R. L. W., Tulane, La., is interested in "the teacher in literature; prose and poetry."

THIS department has printed several lists of books in which teachers both English and American are the leading characters, or in which school life is the theme, but has never gone into the matter as thoroughly as a little book by Richard Allen Foster, "The School in American Literature," published by Warwick and York, Baltimore, one of a series of University Research Monographs. This is a survey of the school as a literary theme from colonial times to the present day, so pleasantly told that one reads on for the sake of the story, and that is something not every bibliography can say for itself. It quotes from works as little known as the neglected "Margaret" of Sylvester Judd and from modern stories such as "The Varmint" or "Emmy Lou," coming as nearly to this very date as a book may manage in 1930.

H. G. T., Chicago, asks for a modern textbook suitable for child-study clubs. The latest I have seen is "Your Child and His Parents," by Alice C. Brill and May Pardee Youtz (Appleton), both of the State University of Iowa. This is arranged by subject, with questions followed by statements of principles and many quotations from discussions in child-study groups; I would be wondering how much all the other mothers knew about me. But this book seems to be reasonable and useful, without over-emphasis. Of earlier books my preference is for anything by Angelo Patri.

J. B., Kew Gardens, N. Y., is looking for a book enjoyed in youth, called "Untrodden Fields of History" — it may have been paths or roads, and consisted of stories of famous authors. "I recall Dante's banishment and the insomnia of Shakespeare. Unfortunately I do not remember the author. Can you tell me where I could get another copy?" *W. N. T., Lawrenceville, Ill., asks for information on American Literary Awards.* "The Author's Annual," a tidy little volume issued by Brewer & Warren, or rather by Payson & Clarke, in 1929, has an article by Bessie Graham on Famous Literary Prizes and their Winners, reprinted from the *Publishers Weekly*, and in "The Author's Annual, 1930" (Brewer & Warren) there is a continuation for that year. This is the best source of this information I know: it describes Pulitzer winners from the first, in all classes, the Blindman Poetry Prize, the Gold Medal of the National Institute and that of the American Academy, the Howells Medal, the John Newbery, and several publishing prizes, besides the more famous foreign awards. Beyond this, consult the "World Almanac" and the newspapers. Annie Russell Marble's "The Nobel Prize Winners" (Appleton) attends competently to these writers from the institution of the award to the book's date. *I wish someone would ask me for a birthday book for a little girl;* I would tell them about Rockwell Kent's "Birthday Book" (Random House). There are 1,850 copies signed by the artist, printed in two colors, and bound in silk, and oh, but it is beautiful! There is a simple little tale of two fairy godmothers with a picture to each sentence and it costs $7.50 so you may know the worst at once. But it will last a lifetime!

A. W. B., Königstein-Taunus, Germany, wants a list of books bearing on the Society of Friends. I have been gathering such a list for some time; it is interesting to see how many books there are for it. "The Faith of a Quaker," by J. M. Graham (Macmillan); "Quaker Thought and History," by E. Grubb (Macmillan); "The Quaker Adventure," by A. R. Fry (Frank-Maurice); "The Beginnings of Quakerism," by W. C. Braithwaite (Macmillan), a thorough-going work in two large volumes; "The Quakers," by A. N. Brayshaw (Macmillan); "Quakers in Action," by L. M. Jones (Macmillan); "Quaker Adventures," by E. Thomas (Revell); "Quakers as Pioneers in Social Work," by A. Jorns (Macmillan); "History of the Friends in America," by A. C. Thomas (Winston), a little book; "Faith and Practice of the Quakers," by R. M. Jones (Cape-Smith). For biography, besides M. A. Best's fine set of "Rebel Saints" (Macmillan), an excellent book for making a start on such a collection, we have "A Quaker Saint of Cornwall," by L. V. Hodgkin (Longmans, Green), and the same author's "Book of Quaker Saints" (Macmillan) with M. R. Brailsford's "A Quaker from Cromwell's Army: James Wayler" (Macmillan). Reynolds, New Bedford, publishes an account of "Life in New Bedford One Hundred Years Ago," and Johns Hopkins "Quakers in Pennsylvania," a pamphlet by A. C. Applegarth. These are by no means all the books, but space makes me close with the "Journal of John Woolman," to be found in "Everyman's"—and I wish more readers knew how it would repay them to find it—and the brief statement of the attitude of Friends to new revelations of truth, made by Professor Eddington in "Science and the Unseen World" (Macmillan).

SEVERAL correspondents have sent newspaper clippings about the recent translation made by Dr. R. W. Schlosser of Franklin and Marshall College of "The Merchant of Venice" into Pennsylvania German, and have asked if this may not be of interest to the recent Rahway inquirer. *C. W. B., Narberth, Pa.,* quotes Tom Daly's statement that "this is undoubtedly the most ambitious and most successful literary adventure that ever, in Pennsylvania Deutschland, man accomplish that. How it must delight the kindly ghost of Henry Harbaugh, our one important Pennsylvania Dutch poet (1817-67)." *N. M. C., Indianapolis, Ind.,* suggests to the inquirer for books on odd-jobbery, "Care and Repair of the Home," by Vincent B. Phelan, published by Doubleday, Doran in 1931 and containing material on such topics as care and repair of screens, what to do when a door sticks, insulating warm-air furnaces, or repairing an electric doorbell. Much the same material is also to be found in Mr. Phelan's bulletin, "Care and Repair of the House," published by the Building and Housing division of the Bureau of Standards as publication "BH 15." I wonder if it would show me how to disconnect what seems to be a riveting-machine from my new wireless; if I were not the Reader's Guide I would write to that competent authority to find out how to dispose of the knocking.

G. S. D., University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb., says: I wonder if E. B., Regina, Saskatchewan, has on her list of novels in which nurses appear, the detective stories of M. G. Eberhardt: "While the Patient Slept," "The Patient in Room 18," "The Mystery at Hunting's End," and the new one, "This Dark Stairway," in all of which Nurse Sarah Keate assists materially in solving the mystery? To my knowledge she is the only "nurse-detective."

I am happy to learn from the above that there is a new Eberhardt detective story in which Nurse Keate figures, but it confirms my belief that her practice must have suffered in time by all this. It is tempting providence to employ a nurse so competent in connection with murders.

Also, *L. E. R., Piney River, Va.,* should read the article in Rees's Encyclopædia, published about a hundred years ago, on cryptography. It is one of the best, most comprehensive articles on the fascinating subject, notwithstanding its age.

L. D. B., New York, should add to his collection of books on prose writing and the problem of style Walter Pater's "Style" and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," which have been published together by Macmillan in their "Pocket Classics." I recommend also for his collection that most fascinating book (it's as absorbing as a novel) "Modern English Usage," by Fowler.

A letter written by Robert Burns fetched £360 at a recent sale in London. It was dated less than three weeks before his death, and refers to the "protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me." The original MS. of four lines of his verse went for £72.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 479*)

as people; often long expository speeches that had better been left without quotation marks are put into their mouths. The women are particularly unconvincing, being rendered with a romantic sweetness suggestive of fairy tale writing.

"Jesse and Maria" is a hard novel to read. It lacks spontaneity. Yet one is constantly impressed by its solemn design and capable, painstaking execution.

THE HAUNTED JESTER. By DONALD CORLEY. McBride. 1931. $2.50.

The title of the book bears no direct relation to any of the tales. Yet it is the reason for them all, as set forth eloquently in the foreword by Mr. Corley. The stories are as if called up out of the memories and illusions of the "Children of Despair"—Haroun al-Raschid, Cleopatra, Louis XI, or any others who have sought beyond life "that sharp-savored fish that is so sweet." "They were all haunted figures upon the endless tapestry of human nostalgia . . . haunted by their living memories of a thousand other lives, and the highest moments of them . . . which were usually moments of play. They and their kind must jest . . . or go mad. For the things of life are, to them, not sufficing. These folk cannot, like others, drink and be merry. They have to divine the quivering soul of every moment, and render to it the play of the mind. . . ."

The author is the haunted jester; the reader who understands and enjoys his tales is the haunted jester; all who seek surcease from the insufficient things of life are in like wise haunted jesters seeking a play of the mind woven about images and fantasies of that which is beyond tangible reach.

In his stories garnered from the ends of the earth, Mr. Corley displays a great versatility, attaining a larger scope than in his earlier book of tales, "The House of Lost Identity." Illustrated by the author with drawings that are peculiarly his own, the tales are beautifully romantic *jeux de plaisir*.

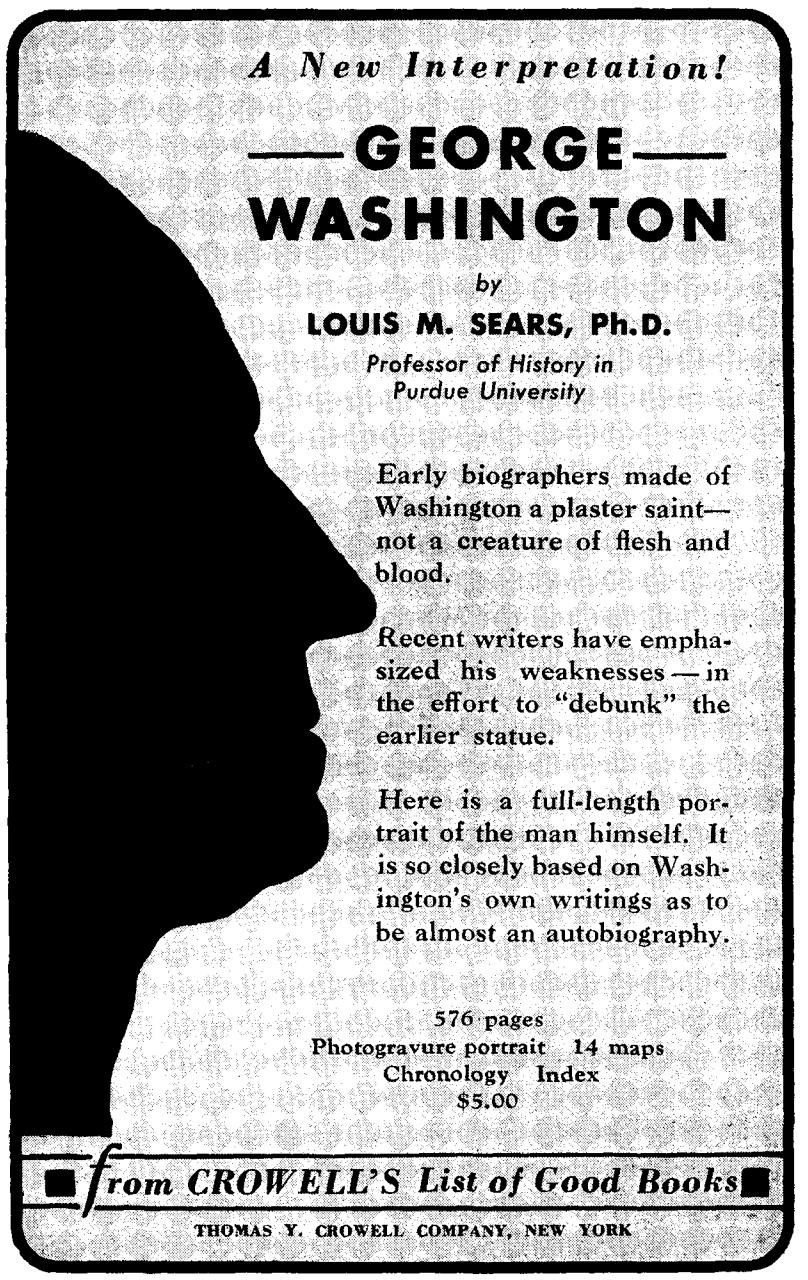
International

THE PENDULUM OF PROGRESS. By SIR GEORGE YOUNG. Yale University Press. 1931.

The greater part of the five essays contained in this book consists of the presentation and explanation of a series of dynamic diagrams which Sir George has invented for the classification of the politico-economic situation in the various European States. With the gay-humored intensity of an Englishman organizing a parlor game he produces his "Pattern of Progress": "The only equipment, mental or material, you will require for this exercise is (1) 3 brass tacks or drawing pins; (2) a record or recollection of recent current events; (3) a loop of cotton; (4) a sharp pencil, and (5) a faith in formulas or in fortune-telling," and proceeds to chart the present and future of Great Britain (where something is going to happen in 1936), of Germany (where there will a revolution in 1945), of Italy (which will keep right on because it is a stable state), of Russia (where an upheaval will not be due for twenty to thirty years). Before beginning to play with Patterns of Progress, however, one ought to make one's self thoroughly familiar with the preceding Dial of Parties and Dial of Politics which give the general rules of progression followed when plotting the orbits of specific states.

There is one point at which Sir George drops his attitude of genial games-playing. That is the excellent chapter called Power, where he sketches the world-wide front between the Soviet and the British federal systems, a chapter which shows his experience and diplomatic familiarity with the issues of the East. His essay on peace parallels this analysis of Europe's relation to Asia with one on Europe's relation to America, which is much less convincing. He reverts to the Balance of Power as the necessary basis of peace, and stresses the importance of the role which was formerly played by Great Britain, but which has now been transferred to the United States, that of being the make-weight between the two existing systems of alliances. He suggests the possibility of the United States forcing disarmament through monetary pressure, and converting the balance of power from a balance of armaments to a balance of moral relationships. How a stability resultant on opposing pressures can be anything but unstable, and how there could be a balance of moral pressures short of a war-time classification of nations as angels and devils is not discussed. In a final review of the events since Locarno he suggests the desirability of setting up a series of regional unions, local leagues which should head up in the League of Nations and at the same time prevent the latter from being too European in its preoccupations and universalize its membership.

(*Continued on page 482*)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The New Books
Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

FLAX: POLICE DOG. By SVEND FLEURON. 1931. Holt. $2.50.

JAAMPA THE SILVER FOX. By MIKKJEL FONHUS. English text by MARION SAUNDERS. Putnams. 1931. $2.50.

Of the literary quality of either of these stories in the original, it is difficult to judge, for "Jaampa" comes by way of a German translation, and "Flax's" translator is not always happy in what seems to have been efforts to reproduce a vernacular style combined with a hop, skip, and jump technique. At any rate, both as we get them are unpretentious. They are popular animal fiction. But they shine in comparison with the typical American production in that numerous class.

"Flax" is lively as can be. It has action enough for half a dozen ordinary dog stories. Its hero is an "Alsatian," which is to say a German, shepherd; or, in common though authoritatively frowned-upon parlance, a police dog. Yet, although he is successively a farmer's watch dog, a veritable police dog in service, a gamekeeper's companion, a poacher's accomplice, a stock drover's dog among snorting bulls, and the pet of a Danish fort's garrison, and although in each role he has exciting experiences and does resounding deeds, he is never for a moment a preposterously noble and infallible dog-from-the-machine.

It is odd that the silver fox has not figured in more animal stories—more, at least, of those written before fox farming became common enough to divest this melanistically distinguished creature of some of its rarity and glamour. We can recall only one North American story with a silver fox in it: the forgotten "Mooswa," a fable on "Jungle Book" lines, by W. A. Fraser. "Jaampa" is a winsome and honest, realistic silver fox story, poetically backgrounded, full of its author's love and knowledge of his native wilds in the north of Norway. From a literary standpoint, it is—in this translation—a considerably more artistic piece of work than the bouncing "Flax."

MORE ESSAYS OF LOVE AND VIRTUE. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

Havelock Ellis is the victor of a hundred battlefields. Once the leader of a forlorn hope, he has lived to see the cause of sex liberation definitely won. There are still a few outlying districts to be gained, such as Norphelt, Okla., Boston, Mass., and other spots in the cultural hinterland of the United States, and doubtless there are similar backward districts in Great Britain and elsewhere, but by and large, taking modern civilization as a whole, the victory is assured. Under such circumstances, it is difficult to keep up the enthusiasm of the contest. One becomes outmoded through success almost as easily as through defeat.

One important task, however, always remains for the successful liberal—that of checking the fanaticism of his followers. It is an ungrateful labor, to be sure, since sanity is always less interesting than extremism, but it has its own rewards. And it certainly is not easy.

Five of the six essays in Havelock Ellis's latest volume are devoted to a constructive interpretation of the gains that have been made and a removal of the wild hopes and fears that have, almost equally, been generated by them. In "The New Mother" he points out that parental honesty does not mean parental indifference, and that in assuming the responsibility of sex instruction shirked by the older generation, the modern mother has undertaken a job of quite heroic proportions. In "The Renovation of the Family" he maintains that the family as an institution is in no danger of disappearance,—which, if one interprets the family rationally as meaning no more than a relatively permanent union of parents, would seem to be a safe argument. In "The Function of Taboos" he reminds all antinomians that a taboo is simply a refusal to do something, hence the problem is not to do away with taboos but to substitute sensible for senseless ones. In the two final essays in the volume, "The Control of Population" and "Eugenics and the Future," he admits that genetic discoveries have destroyed all hope of breeding a race of supermen, but he looks to birth control and voluntary sterilization as perhaps sufficient to check the threatening over-population that otherwise can only be rectified by wars.

Opposed to legal enforcement of even such a beneficial aim as the sterilization of the unfit, Havelock Ellis naturally has little tolerance of the absurdities of censorship. In his essay on "The Revaluation of Obscenity," he is his old radical self. In answer to the legal definition of obscenity as anything that is sexually exciting he recalls the honest reply to Katherine Bement Davis's questionnaire, in which, to the question, "What do you find most sexually stimulating?" the majority of the women answered frankly, "Man." Since the male answer to a similar question would undoubtedly be, "Woman," there would seem to be no way out for the reformers but to abolish the human race. It would not be such a bad plan, Havelock Ellis seems to think, if only they would begin with themselves.

Religion

THE EVIDENCE FOR IMMORTALITY. By DON P. HALSEY. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

Mr. Halsey is a judge, presiding over the Circuit Court of Lynchburg, Virginia. He has considered the problem of immortality solely from the standpoint of evidence, as though he were in court. Mathematical evidence is of course impossible, or direct testimony of fact, either, unless we depend upon psychic phenomena. That Mr. Halsey will not do, although he is careful to insist that denial of the possibility of converse with the dead is due wholly to *a priori* considerations, and therefore has no place in a discussion of evidence. About immortality, argument from probability is, he maintains, entirely legitimate. If the balance of probability favors belief in a future life, it is to be regarded as proved. That is the way we decide almost all of the problems we face. "Absolute proof is possible of only a very small part of what

(*Continued on page* 484)

Christopher Morley

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The Philobiblon

THE latest three numbers of *Philobiblon* are at hand. It is, of all foreign journals devoted to printing and publishing, the best informed and one of the most attractively printed. These numbers include among longer articles accounts of New Library Buildings in North America, The Fifty German Books of 1931, The Bibliographical Works of T. W. Koch, Geofroy Tory, and The Hammer Press at Florence. The bibliographical and typographical notes are as usual ample and up to the minute, and the auction sales records are unusually inclusive. The printed specimens include Updike's announcement of the Prayer Book, a leaf printed by Victor Hammer, etc. The printing is according to the best current German standard. It is a magazine which one must have in order to keep up with contemporary information in all matters bibliographical.

R.

The Latest Colophon

THE present number of *The Colophon* is the closing number of the second volume of this miscellany devoted to books and incidentally to printing. The contents are as usual varied in subject as in quality, while the printing of the individual essays continues to be, on the whole, conservative. Where the magazine is weakest is just where American graphic arts are weakest—in the illustrations. No appreciable amount of really distinctive, original work in illustration has appeared in *The Colophon*, while the number of readable literary items has been considerable. Perhaps the current depression in the economic life of America will work favorably toward a higher level of esthetic achievement: certainly a preoccupation with automobile bodies and commercial advertisements cannot produce a high grade of artistic achievement.

The contents of the present number are of varied interest. That most of the articles are of reminiscent and bibliographical interest is perhaps inevitable, since creative and imaginative writing is rare and difficult in dealing with books. To the present writer Miss Wells's account of the *Lark* possesses peculiar interest because of the exceptional virility of that short-lived periodical. I have repeatedly adverted to the fascination of the magazinelets of the 'nineties, among which the *Lark* (with its policy of "the joy of life, no advertisements, no satire, no criticism, no timeliness, no woman contributors") was a notable figure. There was, even with such a policy, and equally noteworthy in the magazines with a more definite urge, a zest which I find utterly lacking in the small and short-lived magazines of the post-war period. They had something to say—which the moderns do not. Miss Wells's account is entertaining, and it includes a first-hand account, from the pen of Gelett Burgess himself, of the making of a lark.

Other contributions are:

The Historical Illustrations in Weems's Washington, by Randolph G. Adams. A blithe account of the pictures in the insufferable Parson's "frozen" life of Washington.

The Origins of Publishers' Cloth Bindings, by John Carter. A "Contribution towards the Prolegomena to a Study of the Origins of Publishers' Cloth Bindings" which examines the evidence minutely.

Biography and Bibliographies, by Joseph Hergesheimer. An account—with ramifications—of his writing of the life of Phil Sheridan.

The First Editor of Shakespeare, by Edward Wagenknecht. Of Nicholas Rowe and the issuing between 1709 and 1714 of the "first critical edition of Shakespeare's plays in any language."

Some Observations on Modern Firsts, by Harry M. Lydenberg.

Benjamin Gomez, Bookseller, by Charles G. Poore. An account of a little known New York bookseller of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, inspired by Mr. Troxell's account of an unrecorded "Pilgrim's Progress" in the first number of the *Colophon*.

Four Centuries of Book Titles, by Ralph Samuel.

The Ladies of the Lake, by John T. Winterich. The story of two "poetesses" who wrote verse as bad as Mrs. Sigourney's, but who happily died young.

The Ingenious Herr Von Gerstenbergk, by Carl F. Schreiber. The story of a German forger of Schiller's handwriting who is the pest of collectors.

There is an index to the second year, and a lithograph by Victoria Hutson.

The cover design continues the high average of *Colophon* covers.

R.

Yorktown

THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN AND SIEGE OF YORKTOWN, AND JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN. Senate Documents 318 and 322. Washington, Government Printing Office. 1931.

IT is a melancholy commentary on the artistic capabilities of America that the work of the great printing office maintained by the government at Washington has received no higher encomium than that it "is very much better than the average small job printing office turns out!" The establishment, ably run on business lines, and magnificently competent in "practical" matters, is notoriously inept when the niceties of printing are required of it. These two pamphlets are evidence to the point.

The paper is too heavy for saddle-stitched books, the type, while good in itself, is set without spirit, the cover and title-page set-ups are banal, the decorative elements puerile. And the reproduction of maps by half-tone is inexcusable. France had its Richelieu, Oxford its Dr. Fell, and the United States—might well profit by their example.

R.

Book of Ruth

THE BOOK OF RUTH. Class in Advanced Typography, School of Journalism, University of Oregon. 1931.

THIS is a large quarto pamphlet set carefully by hand in a fine Renaissance type face. The printing has apparently been done on a hand press, and the paper is a heavy white handmade. The whole result is really quite handsome, every detail having been worked out with judgment and good craftsmanship.

There is only one flaw in this achievement: the colophon is sticky with sentimentality. "Type lovingly and meticulously set" reminds one of Fra Elbertus of East Aurora—and the printing of this opus is so far ahead of anything that the Fra did that I wish the colophon had been written with more restraint.

If the students in the School of Journalism of the University of Oregon carry out such projects as this regularly, with all the study and experimentation which it connotes, it seems possible that the newspaper typography of the future may really attain to some modicum of gracefulness.

R.

New York and Vermont

TWO volumes of verse in second editions have come to hand. The first is Louis How's "Nursery Rhymes of New York," first issued in 1919. The present edition contains twenty-nine new rhymes, in addition to the original half hundred. But the chief joy of this new printing is in the colored wood blocks by Ilse Bischoff. They are gay and amusing, with the dash of sentimental antiquity necessary for your complete New Yorker, to whom the

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book is dedicated. There is a fitting binding in paper and cloth.

The Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro has issued a second edition of Walter Hard's "Salt of Vermont," with at least one extra poem, and several reset pages.

R.

Vermont Itself

BLYTHE MOUNTAIN, VERMONT. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1931. $2.50.

THIS is a handsome little quarto edition of Morley's slight essay on Vermont which appeared first in this *Review*. There is a good picture of a Vermont landscape by Andrew R. Butler, reproduced in gelatine as a frontispiece, and the book has been carefully set and printed. The binding is stout and attractive. And the price is what it ought to be—which isn't usually true of small-edition books! Morley collectors will have to have the book, and lovers of Vermont.

R.

Granjon

ROBERT GRANJON: Sixteenth Century Type Founder and Printer. New York: Linotype Co. 1931.

FOR some reason which no man can uncover, the naming of type faces is an arbitrary affair, and there is no possible connection between the names and looks of most type faces. It is this confusion in nomenclature which makes so amusing to the printer the long-winded, explanatory colophons which have been so much in vogue of late years. It is not so much that these ascriptions and pedigrees and genealogies of type and type designers are wrong, as that they lend false emphasis, and bewilder by tangential statements.

Even when an attempt has been made to name a type face, there is liability of error. Take the amusing case of Garamond type, one of the most popular and desirable type faces of recent years. It is named for a certain Claude Garamont (*sic*) who did design type, cut punches, strike matrices, and cast letters in France in the first half of the sixteenth century. Now there happen to be seven or eight faces of type, named either Garamond or Garamont, issued by American and European founders or machine makers in the past thirty-five years: these faces are all different from one another, and they derive *not* directly from Garamont's own type faces but from a distant departure made at Sedan in the seventeenth century! Here is confusion worse confounded.

But there is even worse to say: in 1924 the linotype (English company) brought out a fine new book letter which was given the name of "Granjon," after Robert Granjon, a French sixteenth century type-founder and printer. But the model letters used for the Granjon type are not Granjon's but *Garamont's!* Here is the general carelessness in naming types perpetuated. Therefore to attempt to spread abroad amongst the generality detailed information as to type names is absurd. The jargon of the printing office, definite enough to the habitual worker in the craft, cannot be diffused through popular accounts in brief colophons.

But of course these observations on the names of type faces have nothing to do with the character of the types themselves. The Granjon face, for instance, is a remarkably handsome type face, as is attested by its use in numerous books in England and America. Its use in the book here under review is evidence of its beauty. The page is set in a large size, within fine rule borders, and the composition and presswork (even in dry printing on handmade paper, which is of doubtful wisdom) is most excellent. And, what is not so true of the numerous Garamond and Garamont types, the larger sizes are colorful and comely.

The essay on Granjon which constitutes the text of the slim folio is informative without being exhaustive. Granjon was the first man to practice type-founding as a separate craft, he invented the *lettres de civilité*, a distinct type form modelled on a current sixteenth century handwriting, and he made some exquisite *fleurons* which could be used in numerous combinations to form decorative designs. He died in 1590, after having worked in Paris, Rome, and elsewhere.

The presentation of the Granjon type face in this book is adequate and distinguished.

R.

A Huntsman's Memoirs

TRY BACK: a Huntsman's Reminiscences. By A. HENRY HIGGINSON, M. F. H. With a Foreword by HENRY GOODWIN VAUGHAN, M. F. H. New York: Huntington Press. 1931. Two editions.

IT was said of the Virginia gentry that they seldom read books except when the weather was too bad out of doors, or they were laid up indoors with the gout. I can imagine that this is the sort of book which would appeal to them under such circumstances of enforced book consumption. It is a very intimate and personal and somewhat rambling story of the career of Mr. A. Henry Higginson, son of that Henry L. Higginson of Boston who was always called "the Major" (to differentiate him from "the Colonel"—Thomas Wentworth Higginson). Beginning with a glimpse of the Myopia Hounds in '83 (and I well remember how exciting it was to see the Myopia hunt across the low rounded hills of Essex County when I was a boy) Mr. Higginson early in life got interested in hounds. Soon he started to keep a few beagles: from that his interest in and his connection with fox hunting grew, until he has been Master and Huntsman of the Cattistock Hunt in England, and has had his own pack—the Middlesex Hunt in America. He tells an interesting story—even a sedentary printer can find much to entertain him in Mr. Higginson's narrative, though it must be confessed that a bit of humor now and then might even be relished by fox-hunting men.

The printing of the book is most adequately done by the Lakeside Press. There are two editions—a limited (401 copies) and a trade: the limited edition has as frontispiece a reproduction in colors of a painting of Mr. Higginson with his horse and dogs. There are a score of pictures of interest to fox hunting people,—dogs and M. F. H. and the like, reproduced in half-tone. Gordon Ross has drawn one of his typical title-pages for the volume. The only defect in the book is the use of half-tones for the pictures. Otherwise these stout and well-planned volumes are well done.

R.

Linweave Limited

LINWEAVE LIMITED EDITIONS. Mcmxxxi. Springfield, Mass. Linweave Association.

TO receive in one volume—and that without cost or obligation—examples of English prose and verse by Blake, Southey, Coleridge, Poe, Dowson, Leigh Hunt, and Lindsay, printed by Updike, Kittredge, Anderson, Munder, Marchbanks, and others, is to get something interesting at least. And when one is flattered by being taken into a "limited edition" family of some fifteen thousand one feels that the authors of this humorous version of a limited editions club should be congratulated.

Ten printers were asked each to print one "volume" in this new series—after the pattern made popular some years ago by the Grolier Club. Each was given free hand as to the typography: owing to the uses to which the sheets were to be put, all had to be on a paper page of about nine by twelve inches. There are four pages of type or of type and pictures to each "volume." One may paraphrase the familiar lines and remark that

Wild was the scheme, yet a wilder scheme
Hung round the printer's presses,

and here we have ten utterly different ways of printing a "limited edition." And to make the parody completely and dazzlingly entertaining, the final "piece" in this album is that favorite of our earlier days—"Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," by Arthur Lamb and Harry von Tilzer. There are the original words and music, and a more than original couple of wood blocks by John Held, Jr., who (this time) "dances with tears in his eyes." I have had so many copies of this edition of the song stolen by my highbrow contemporaries at Yale that I now keep the book under lock and key.

As a matter of fact, the separate printings comprised in this volume are worth preserving. They are conscientious efforts on the part of each of the printers, with a typographic result quite beyond the usual advertising product. We commend the idea and the execution.

R.

Paragraph Reviews

From the Press of Helen Gentry, San Francisco: "What Cézanne Said to Me," by Joachim Gasquet. The first printing in English. In *The Leaflet*, No. 3, October, 1931.

From W. L. Washburn, Audubon, N. J.: Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," as a miniature book, bound in full leather, in an edition of 64 copies.

From The Scholartis Press: List of publications for September-December, 1931.

R.

Varia

DESCENT TO THE DEAD. By ROBINSON JEFFERS. New York: Random House. 1931.

POETRY ordinarily gets a raw deal in printing. It is either printed in poor type and without regard to margins, paper and the ordinary niceties of book production, or else it becomes "precious" as to format and price. This first edition of Jeffers' "Descent to the Dead" is done in a thoroughly sound way which would not be out of place in a good trade edition if one omitted the red initials. It is quite handsome, with its Baskerville type and very fine title-page. I don't much care for the inside marginal lines on some of the pages, but that is not important. The binding is in thin boards (why do we persist in using heavy boards?) with loose paper covering—a novelty in binding which works out well.

GEORGE MOORE IN QUEST OF LOCALE. Two Letters to W. T. Stead. San Francisco: Harvest Press. 1931.

A THIN octavo of sixteen pages. Rather too slight in substance and heavy in typography to be good. And the margins are badly proportioned.

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When future historians of America come to chronicle the disenchanted 'thirties, they will find some indispensable data in the unadorned sales records of *The Inner Sanctum*.

The end of the old era, the passing of a Fool's Paradise, will be marked by the sadistic buffooneries of *Caught Short* and *Yoo Hoo Prosperity*; the deflation of high-pressure promotion by the uncensored ribaldries of *The Book of Ballyhoo*; the mandate for lower prices by *Scotch—or It's Smart to Be Thrifty (MacSimon and MacSchuster)*; the groping for order and sanity in a world of economic chaos and bloodletting by such books as *A Program for America* by WILL DURANT and *Successful Living in This Machine Age* by EDWARD A. FILENE. Such books, in truth, provide a mirror of the age.

But your future historian will not be content with these. Should he seek to discover how *homo Americanus* actually weathered the storm, in terms of intimate human details, he will have to examine the sales charts of other *Inner Sanctum* books, especially in the field of *divertissement*. He will discover that to a large extent Americans spent their evenings staying home playing contract bridge and making "mental whoopee."

JEROME MEYER, an erudite master of mathematics and the seven lively arts, has done for *Mental Whoopee* what LENZ and CULBERTSON have done for contract bridge. About a year ago *The Inner Sanctum* quietly published an opus by MR. MEYER under the Walter Winchellesque title of *Mental Whoopee*. It can scarcely be called a book, as such. It is rather a packet of parlor entertainment, consisting of ten different game pads, each of which can be distributed among one's guests for competitive testing of their observation, ingenuity, and sense of deduction in novel and alluring forms. The players can compete against one another and also against time.

Mental Whoopee was published without fanfare. But slowly, unmistakably, it won its way into the favor of booksellers and the public; its praises sung not by the publishers, but by that autocrat of best-sellerdom — word-of-mouth endorsement. And today *Mental Whoopee*, with a sky-rocketing sales chart and an irresistible popular price (ask your own bookseller) gives every evidence of being, like *The Cross Word Puzzle Books*, like *O Yeah?*, like *The Stag at Eve*, like cigarettes, chain stores, and telephones, a depression-proof industry and that apple of the publisher's eye, an authentic "natural."

ESSANDESS.

THE ANSWERS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is grateful to its subscribers for the remarkable response which came in reply to the questionnaire about books and book purchasers published a few weeks ago. Already 1,300 replies have been received, many of them including most interesting comment, and answers from distant places are still arriving. The editors have decided not to wait for the last returns before beginning the articles in which this very valuable information is to be summarized and commented upon. It is, indeed, unique information for very little has been known statistically as to what readers themselves think of the book problem. Charles Everett Rush, associate librarian of Yale University, has been asked to analyze the answers and his interpretation will be published in the next issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW. In subsequent numbers we shall have special articles on the interesting and surprising voting on some of the questions.

We hope that the reading of these articles may be some compensation for your much appreciated co-operation, and we thank you heartily.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th Street
New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE wish we could work with the ease and informality of *Hilaire Belloc* who, according to the *Abbé Dimnet*, when an idea occurs to him during a stroll on the Strand will pop into the office of a public stenographer to dictate article or essay, and then, on with his stroll again. We spend too much of our time simply gathering wool when *we're* out walking! . . .

Naomi Royde-Smith claims to have discovered that love to Woman is synonymous with duplicity. Well, it's all the fault of us men. We made them what they are today. There was a time when they were forced into dissimulation, and now that they're positively incandescent rather than clandestine, the old attitude nevertheless persists. . . .

If you see a novel called "Which Way?" by *Theodora Benson*, perhaps you'll be interested to know that she's the twenty-five-year-old daughter of that *Lord Charnwood* from whose biography of Lincoln *John Drinkwater* drew the material for his famous play. This is Miss Benson's third novel. Most flappers nowadays begin turning out novels in their early twenties, and by the time they have reached the enormous age of thirty they are all ready to issue their collected works. . . .

And naturally right here we are going to mention a new novel, "The Phœnix-kind," because by its title it should certainly be germane to this department. We know the author, *Peter Quennell*, as the writer of some most interesting poetry. And we know the Viking Press, his publishers, as possessing probably the best natural taste in books among the publishers of New York, and we like the quotation on the jacket of the book, which reads as follows:

But Love *is of the* Phœnix-kind,
And burns itself in self-made fire,
To breed still new birds in the mind,
From ashes of the old desire.
—Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

Very pleasingly stated. You will recall that *Lord Brooke* was the intimate friend of *Sir Philip Sidney* and wrote a famous poem upon Sidney's death. . . .

And speaking of the Viking Press, we can recommend to you sight-unseen from their Spring list "Ten Bloody Years," by *Major Francis Yeats-Brown*, author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." . . .

Contempo, that lively broadsheet published at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, which lately staged the argument between *Gorham Munson* and *Malcolm Cowley*, in which *Ezra Pound* occasionally erupts, and which is also contributed to by *J. Middleton Murry* (what the two are doing in the same galley it is difficult to fathom!), *Sherwood Anderson*, and *Paul Green*,—well, *Contempo* now announces for February first a *William Faulkner* Edition containing eleven poems (heretofore unpublished) and one short story. This is the first time in eight years that Faulkner has permitted any of his verse to be published. The vogue for Faulkner just now is beginning to remind us of the vogue for *Sherwood Anderson* some years ago. And Anderson finally went pretty *phut*. We hope Faulkner won't. . . .

Dear old Liberty's out of date!
(No, we don't mean the periodical!)
Mussolini has begged to state
That, in a manner most methodical,
Black Fascismo is ready to walk
Over its corpse so "putrefied"
Several times, with no back-talk,
Taking the action in its stride.

"Liberty is a bourgeois dream!"
Cried Lenin with his final breath.
Patrick Hennery, it would seem,
Should have kept quiet and taken Death.
As for the goddess who holds the torch
Out in our harbor above the fishes,
She better come in off'n our front porch
And go in the kitchen to wash some dishes.

Poor old Liberty, used to be
Such a tremenjous rallying cry,—
Fascist and Communist now agree
Poor old Liberty's gone bye-bye;
Maybe perhaps 'cause Capitalists,
All through the process of being free,
Became too great individualists,—
That's an answer occurs to me.
Still, when we get the Perfect State
Founded upon the Five Year Plan,
Something is always gwine to create
Restlessness in the heart of man.
Disciplyne and regimentation
Maybe will bring millennial day,
But something else in a living nation
Is going to want to shout "Hooray!"

Is going to want to shatter fetters,
And tell the world how they look on things,
And kick up their heels in art and letters,
And ask free speech while the planet swings,—
Maybe you'll get them all contented
In one air-tight methodical plan,—
And maybe you'll drive 'em all demented,—
But don't blame me, I didn't make Man!

Life and Letters, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, started by *Desmond MacCarthy*, has become a quarterly, though it will remain in character and appearance the same. Its editors say they shall continue occasionally to devote a whole number to one contribution, as they did when they had the luck to spot before publication "High Wind in Jamaica" by *Richard Hughes*. And that, believe us, was a real scoop! . . .

Everybody's forming associations now among the publishers. Stokes and the Yale Press have hooked up in an agreement whereby the Stokes Company will act as trade representative for Yale University Press publications, and Duffield and Green have got together with Ives Washburn in a sales merger which embraces all territory east of Chicago, though editorial activities of either firm will not be affected. . . .

Mrs. Arthur Guiterman and others have recently sung to us that song about caviare which seems to be a favorite in New York just now. Come to think of it, it was at a New Year's eve party at *Guy Holt's* we first heard it. Well, anent that. And now that *Sylvia Thompson*, the English novelist, is in our big town, it may be well to point out that there is a painter in her latest novel, "Summers Night," who is the author of:

Oh, magnificent old Sturgeon,
How benign of you to bourgeon!
I delight to think you are
Mother of my Caviare.

And he goes on to sing, "Oh, adorable old Oyster," but just there he falls asleep. So we'll finish it for him:

Oh, adorable old Oyster,
Slumbering in your cressy cloister,
When they irritate you, Girl,
Lo, you just produce a pearl!

Margaret Fowler, of this city, writes us that she is a member of the younger generation today and that she thinks such controversies as the Munson-Cowley one do little to further the progress of literature in America. She continues, "In fact, the key to the whole situation can be found in an article by Mr. Munson himself which appeared in a recent *Sewanee Review*, entitled 'The iLterary Profession in America.'" We missed that, but as we remember it Mr. Cowley, in *Contempo*, also deprecated the fact that writers should spend their time quarreling. . . .

Robert Frost, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, has now been awarded by the unanimous vote of the National Institute of Arts and Letters the 1931 Russell Loines Memorial Prize for Poetry. When *Russell Loines*, a well-loved patron of poetry, died, his friends collected a fund which is sufficient every three or four years to warrant an award of One Thousand Dollars to some writer of poetry judged deserving of the prize, and we certainly can think of no one more deserving of it than Robert. He is the first recipient, and his whole collected work was taken into consideration. . . .

Although we feel no partickler nostalger
For the classical works of Horatio Alger,
His birthday's centennial we herewith acclaim,
Since the hayloft of youth was quite sure of his fame.

Harrison Smith believes that the literary centre of the United States has moved south, and presents this evidence: *Scribner's Magazine*, in its January issue, lists *Faulkner*, *Thomas Wolfe*, *Evelyn Scott*, and *Hemingway* as the four writers of promise for the future of American literature. Faulkner is from Mississippi, Mrs. Scott from Tennessee, and Thomas Wolfe from North Carolina. Also, no other section of the country, says Hal, could muster so numerous and vital a group of important writers as attended the recent gathering at the University of Virginia. We think there's a lot to his contention.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from page* 482)

is universally received as knowledge," he says. He might have gone further. There is, of course, absolute proof of nothing whatever.

On the basis of probabilities, he approaches his subject and handles it very well indeed. There is nothing new in his arguments. Philosophers from Plato down, and all reputable theologians, have gone at the subject in much the same way. He himself knows this. The value of the book comes from his being a modern lay thinker, who talks our language, and from his enthusiastic confidence that reason is the proper determinant of truth. Mr. Halsey's argument seems to be irrefutable for those who are rational beings.

It will not, however, convert the unrational, or impress those who go in for what they call "the modern mind," and mean thereby the revolt against reason—such pensive sentimentalists, for example, as Julian Huxley, or such obscurantists as Bertrand Russell. The author says, incidentally, that Lord Russell's doubt about a straight line being the shortest distance between two points seems quite enough to discredit his opinions on anything at all. Nor does Mr. Halsey seem to understand that most modern disbelief in immortality is due not to intellectual difficulties, but rather to lack of interest. He apparently is not concerned with volitional disbelief. Why should he be?

This book is worth the reading of common-sense people. It is a pleasant change from a good deal of current pseudo-philosophy.

Travel

OLD MOTHER MEXICO. By HARRY CARR. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $3.

This mannerly, inviting book is the first literary by-product of a mighty project—the Pan-American Highway from Canada to Chile. Mr. Carr, columnist of the Los Angeles *Times*, accompanied the advance motorcade of engineers who set out from Nogales in March, 1930, to bump their way along burro trails down the west coast of Mexico, over to Guadalajara through the barrancas, down into fertile Michoacán, and so up to the capital. It was a rare opportunity for a writer and he has made the most of it.

The tale of this virile jaunt of investigation is both pleasant and profitable to read. Its leisurely quality makes it an excellent bedtime book. It is typical of all Mexican travel that goes beyond the tourist stage—Mr. Carr encounters the familiar delightful children and grinning, handy boys, the mystical penitents in churches, the punctilious, unpunctual hostesses, the businesslike bandits, the ultimate hospitality that drove the Governor of Sinaloa to sleep on a billiard table, in one pueblo, that no stranger need lack a bed. He visits fighting-bull and sugar haciendas and aristocratic Guadalajara homes. He snoops about patios and fraternizes with passing arrieros, all with an unassuming, genuine interest that must have been appreciated, even though he records "contemptuous" looks from our favorite Tarascans.

We are happy to say that his book will enrage numerous European and American residents of Mexico. Those who for years have regarded the Indians as the earth (but useful) resent the swing of the pendulum which today threatens to deprive them of a helot class and to remove the stigma from the word "native." Mr. Carr is inclined to view humanity "con ojos muy buenos," with both humor and good humor—and surely the other side of the Mexican picture has had sufficient emphasis since 1519.

SKIMMING SPAIN. *By Alice C. D. Riley.* Privately printed.

THE KEY TO THE GOLDEN ISLANDS. *By Carita Doggett Corse.* University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

LAURA AND FRANCISCA. *By Laura Riding.* Mallorca: Seizin Press.

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